THE Nation

VOLUME 143 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • OCTOBER 24, 1936 NUMBER 17

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 461
EDITORIALS:
EUROPE'S WHEEL COMES FULL CIRCLE 464
THE PRESIDENT'S OATH 464
HOW WRONG IS THE DIGEST POLL? 465
LANDON IS LOSING THE MIDDLE WEST by Paul W. Ward 467
ON MADRID'S FRONT LINE by Louis Fischer 469
ROOSEVELT AND HIS FELLOW-TRAVELERS by Max Lerner 471
WILL NEW YORK GO FOR ROOSEVELT? by Carl Randau 472
IS LANDON CONSTITUTIONAL? by Robert H. Jackson 474
THE POPE NEEDS AMERICA—II by James T. Farrell 476
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 478
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:
THE MEN THAT ARE FALLING by Wallace Stevens 479
COLLAPSE OF TIME by John Peale Bishop 479
THE CREATIVE MUDDLE by Joseph Wood Krutch 480
THE CITY CULTURE by Carl Van Doren 483
MAKING OF A COMMUNIST by Louis Kronenberger 483
PERSPICUOUS OPACITY by Marianne Moore 484
THE GENTLEMAN OF SHALOTT by Eda Lou Walton 486
THE TESTAMENT OF VON BERNSTORFF by Oswald Garrison Villard 488
THE PITILESS CHRIST by Alice Beal Parsons 488
THE POET IN PROSE by Ben Belitt 492
A LAWRENCE BUDGET by Harry Thornton Moore 492
THE SADNESS OF MR. HINDUS by Horace Gregory 493
UNDER THE SWASTIKA by Mark Van Doren 494
LIFE AND WORK OF STRAVINSKY by B. H. Haggin 494
MR. SANTAYANA'S PHILOSOPHY by Eliseo Vivas 495
THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY by Donald Slesinger 497
SHORTER NOTICES 498
DRAMA: WITH HAMLET LEFT OUT? by Joseph Wood Krutch 500
FILMS: THE BROKEN BOWL by Mark Van Doren 502

Editors
FREDA KIRCHWEY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MAX LERNER
Associate Editors
MARGARET MARSHALL MAXWELL S. STEWART
DOROTHY VAN DOREN
Editorial Associates
HEYWOOD BROUN ALVIN JOHNSON
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Hugo Van Arx, Business Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager.
Copyright, 1936, by The Nation, Inc.

The Shape of Things

*

THE CAMPAIGN LAST WEEK RECALLED THE snake fight in which each combatant heroically swallowed the other. Mr. Vandenberg charged the Administration with shutting him off the air in the now famous "phonograph speech," and Mr. Farley charged Mr. Vandenberg with trying to pull a fast one. The Republicans charged the President's son James with having said that the President would railroad another NRA through, willy-nilly, and the Democrats charged the Republicans with having falsified James's speech. Mr. Hoover accused the President of having juggled the nation's accounts and implied that he ought to go to jail, and Mr. Landon and Mr. Knox accused him of aiming at dictatorship and implied that he ought to be impeached. Mr. Landon started off on an excursion to Los Angeles, determined to get the Townsend vote, and Mr. Roosevelt in a less ambitious mood started for a swing around New England to carry the gospel to the Yankees. Amos Pinchot gave the country another taste of that well-established phenomenon, the tired liberal, quoting H. G. Wells to prove Mr. Roosevelt was a Stalinite; but James Warburg cited Mr. Hull to prove that Mr. Roosevelt is hell-bent for internationalism. Perhaps all these things cancel one another. But the one thing that remains constant is the sustained reception Mr. Roosevelt has been accorded by the plain people wherever he has gone. In terms of the theater he has played to sold-out houses, while wherever Mr. Landon has stopped, his managers have laid an egg. This is not due entirely to the President's cheery manner or his serene self-confidence. It is due, as Arthur Krock has suggested in a comment on the turn-out in Chicago, to the memory that the plain people still have of the days of 1932.

*

WHAT THREATENS TO BE A SECOND MOONEY case is shaping up in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Emerson Jennings of that city and Charles Harris of Scranton have just been convicted of bombing the automobile of Judge W. Alfred Valentine on March 28, 1935. Jennings is a printer who on a number of occasions has had the temerity to write articles criticizing the Luzerne County courts in their conduct of miners' trials. More than that, he was one of seven to sign a petition asking the impeachment of Judge Valentine for serving as "inquisitor, judge, jury, and committing magistrate" in a miners' case. Impeachment proceedings were going on at the time of the bombing. Through the machinations of one Thomas Lynott (under the alias of McHale), who had formerly been a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private detective in the employ of the Lackawanna Railroad, Jennings was arrested in August, 1935, charged with the bombing. "McHale," who was one of the witnesses against Jennings, had served as a county detective on the case for some months at $15 a day; his total pay, according to records in the controller's office, was $2,200, including $345 for unitemized "expenses." Various extraordinary methods for obtaining evidence—among others, some highly dubious dictaphone records—were brought to light during the trial, but the high light of the case was the refusal of District Attorney Leon Schwartz to try it, because, he said, the evidence was insufficient. He recommended that the case be nolle prossed, but this recommendation was refused by the court, and former District Attorney Thomas M. Lewis was appointed special prosecutor. Mr. Schwartz's refusal to prosecute was as courageous as it was unprecedented. Arthur Garfield Hays, defense attorney, has moved for a new trial for Jennings and Harris. The case, therefore, is not closed and deserves to be studied in detail by all defenders of civil rights.

*

THE REBEL ADVANCE ON MADRID HAS reached the point of siege. With the last remaining rail link with the outside world dominated by insurgent artillery, the loyalists are literally fighting with their backs to the wall. Although President Azaña is reported to be in Barcelona arranging for a shift of the capital, it is useless to pretend that the fall of Madrid will not be serious. As long as the government maintained control of the three largest cities in the country—Barcelona, Madrid, and Valencia—it had the potential resources from which to weld an army capable of suppressing the rebellion. The rebel forces are ridiculously small, only a few tens of thousands of real fighting men, and they are reported to be seriously handicapped for lack of ammunition. Their strength has lain almost exclusively in the air, where their modern German and Italian planes have overwhelmed the slower craft belonging to the government air service, and—as Louis Fischer points out elsewhere in this issue—in the superior discipline of their trained Moors and Foreign Legion. Time has worked for the rebels in the sense that it has enabled them to put down popular uprisings in the rear and move a larger portion of their scanty fighting forces to the front. Moscow is reported to be contemplating a dramatic move which may yet save the Spanish government. But if such a move is to save the lives of thousands of liberty-loving inhabitants of Madrid, it will have to come soon.

*

THE NATION HAS LEARNED ON GOOD authority that a shipment of munitions for the Spanish rebel army recently arrived in Seville on an American vessel. As far as we can learn the shipment was made without the knowledge or permission of the State Department. A false bill of lading had been drawn up in which this particular portion of the cargo was described as "musical instruments," which meant that the State Department was probably not even informed that a shipment was destined for Spain. At the same time, however, the department is known to have placed insuperable obstacles in the way of exporters who have sought to exercise their legal right to sell munitions to the Spanish government. In creating these obstacles—we cannot discover an instance in which permission has been *formally* refused—the department has acted in a wholly arbitrary and illegal manner. No official ban has been issued against munitions shipments to the Spanish government, and none can be issued under existing law. The United States is not a party to the European non-intervention pact; the Neutrality Act passed at the last session of Congress is wholly inapplicable to civil warfare. Because of its distance from the European scene the United States is in a better position than any of the European democracies to aid its sister republic without international complications. We can scarcely believe that the Administration would continue its present policy if it saw that it was thereby allying America with Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany as an accomplice in the destruction of Spanish liberty.

*

STOP PRESS: GERALD SMITH HAS DECIDED what party he will lead. It seems that he wanted the Union Party only "as a forum." Now he's going to be a Nationalist. He claims to have collected $1,500,000 from four hundred financial leaders for an anti-red front. It took more than that, Gerald, to put Hitler across.

*

IN BEHALF OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND the Welsh nation three men, a pastor and two teachers, recently burned down several buildings at the new Royal Air Force bombing school at Pwllheli on the coast of Wales. They have just been tried "for malicious destruction of the King's property," and despite their unqualified acknowledgment of the act the trial ended in a disagreement. The case will come up again at the next assizes, but meanwhile the exploit is being celebrated in enthusiastic local demonstrations. The burning of the bombing school was itself a patriotic demonstration. The men are prominent members of the Nationalist Party, which aims to set up in the British Commonwealth a cooperative Welsh state complete with a parliament, language, and culture of its own. The Welsh Nationalists look upon the bombing school almost as an armed invasion of their territory. It introduces a large body of English-speaking mechanics and soldiers who are bound to modify if not destroy the language and customs of the locality. It constitutes an affront to the religious pacifism of the Welsh people and establishes a base for military operations which in the case of war must expose the neighborhood to immediate danger of attack. And it is considered a physical blot on the lovely Welsh seashore. The three Nationalists testified that after numerous futile protests against the presence of the school they adopted "the only method" left to them "by a government which insults the Welsh nation." The incident represents a clash of nationalisms, large and small, and indicates some possible sources of obstruction to the vast British rearmament program.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. SIMPSON AND THE KING OF ENGLAND can no longer treat their relationship as their private concern and no one else's business. By his own volition the King has brought it openly to the notice of his subjects, though had he wished it so, he could easily have kept the matter from public attention. Other kings have done so, including his own father and grandfather. But Edward is different and lives in different times. In the first place, he did not want to be king but could not face the consequences of abdication to the already loosening bonds of empire. As a result he undertook the job in a defiant attitude, determined to sacrifice no part of his personal freedom. Secondly, he has fitted himself to the temper of the times, his great popularity being largely due to his having been always a democratic prince. These combined factors have made it possible for many Britishers to consider the heretofore unimaginable eventuality of the King's marriage to Mrs. Simpson. With everything against her—twice divorced, a commoner, and moreover a foreign one—there would seem to be only a slim chance of this happening while Edward remains king. The remote possibility that he might still abdicate is reflected in Lloyd's refusal to insure against postponement of the coronation. But the very fact that there is speculation on the possibility of a marriage is bound to affect the position of the monarchy. Is the democratic tide strong enough to make the situation enhance the King's popularity, or will the essential conservatism and middle-class respectability of the British swing them to an unfavorable reaction? The only *raison d'être* of the British Crown is its function as a symbol of national and imperial unity. In the turbulence of the times, what effect will the King's action have on that function of the Crown?

*

IN AN ALARMING FRONT-PAGE STORY THE New York *Times* on October 14 published the charges of two textile manufacturers that "hundreds of Communist labor agitators" had been rioting at textile trimming plants near Madison Square, that the police had refused to protect the plants and the workers, and that twenty-five workers had been abducted to Irving Plaza and forced to listen to a lecture on communism. The innocent reader was left to surmise what the riots were about or why the alleged "Communists" had inspired these sudden and ominous events. Actually, as any reporter might easily have discovered, the "Communists" were striking members of Local 2440, affiliate of the Joint Council of Knitgoods Workers and the United Textile Workers. They were demanding not a Soviet overturn but decent working conditions. On the morning that the *Times* story appeared, a meeting at strike headquarters at Irving Plaza was invaded by detectives of the Red Squad—without warrants. They questioned those present in a vain effort to discover one of the "abducted" workers. On the following day the New York County grand jury, acting on testimony of Julius Steinberg and Louis Hornick, the two manufacturers, ordered that informations be filed against four members of Local 2440 for conspiracy, coercion, and violence in restraint of trade. This sequence of red scare, illegal raid, and serious indictments on the word of the employers against whom the strike is directed sounds like a tale out of sunny California. It is primarily another chapter in the drive against the knitgoods workers' union, which is making a militant fight against sweat shops, runaway employers, and other evils in the industry. It seems also to be the first red herring drawn by Tammany across Mayor LaGuardia's path to reelection.

*

THE NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE* IS A conservative newspaper, dignified, well-edited, and lively. The liberal reader may feel that Walter Lippmann has gone over to the enemy with altogether too much gusto, or that Dorothy Thompson's sympathies lie too far to the right to be consistent with her experience in Hitler's Germany. As for Mark Sullivan, he is almost an appealing figure as he stands roundly in the ranks of red-baiters much more vicious than himself, still striking out at Tugwell with his trusty cutlass. Even a "red" would scarcely accuse these writers of being worse than conservative or reactionary. There is, however, one burned-out star in the *Herald Tribune's* galaxy which should be replaced before it short-circuits the whole string. We refer to George E. Sokolsky. On October 19 Mr. Sokolsky wrote an article on the American Labor Party. Maintaining his old pretense of being an "expert" on labor and radicalism (some of his best friends are radicals!), he cooked up a mess of misrepresentation, labor-, Jew-, and alien-baiting which Sokolsky himself has seldom surpassed. We feel that the *Herald Tribune,* aside from soiling its pages, is keeping apart two minds that run as one. Isn't it possible that Mr. Sokolsky could be auctioned off to William Randolph Hearst? He long ago reached the stage of journalistic ripeness which usually precedes that fall.

*

THE NATION'S POETRY AWARD IS WON THIS year by Wallace Stevens for his poem, The Men That Are Falling, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Previous recipients of the award, which was instituted in 1921 and discontinued in 1927 until this year, have included Stephen Vincent Benét, James Rorty, Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, and Babette Deutsch. Many of the country's leading poets were represented among the 1,800 manuscripts from which the editors of *The Nation* chose the 1936 prize winner. Of the poems submitted, the overwhelming majority were concerned with contemporary social conflicts either at home or abroad, and ran a gamut of poetic forms from the quatrain to the book-sized epic. Mr. Stevens was born in 1879 in Reading, Pennsylvania, attended Harvard, and has for many years been a practicing lawyer in Hartford, Connecticut. He is known as the author of "Harmonium," a distinguished first volume published in 1923, and of "Ideas of Order," published in a limited edition by the Alcestis Press and reissued by Knopf; a new volume, "Owl's Clover," is to appear soon. Mr. Stevens's output has been small. It is perhaps a corollary that his scrupulous regard for craftsmanship is equaled by few poets writing today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe's Wheel Comes Full Circle

BELGIUM'S return to its pre-war policy of neutrality carries an importance far beyond its immediate effect on Europe's precarious balance of power. From a military point of view it is possible to claim—as Augur does in the New York *Times*—that the situation is little changed. Belgium is merely to follow the example of its powerful neighbors and embark on a program of rearmament. This, it is said, will enable France to stop worrying about aiding Brussels and to concentrate on its Rhineland defenses. For France can rest assured that a German attack on a neutral Belgium will bring Britain to its aid today just as it did in 1914.

But this is just another way of saying that the European cycle is complete. The world has returned to 1914, not only in political alignments but, what is infinitely more dangerous, in the temper and character of its political thinking. Belgium's return to neutrality symbolizes the final collapse of the post-war attempts to build an effective mechanism for enforcing peace and seals the fate of a new Locarno based on the principles of collective security. It is even uncertain whether Belgium will continue to accept its responsibilities under the League Covenant. This is not to imply that Belgium has deliberately set out to wreck the collective system. Belgium has simply recognized that the collapse of collective security leaves it in a most vulnerable position. Its obligations line it up against Germany in any general war, yet it has no assurance that the French and British will be able to stop Germany as they did in the last war.

It is difficult to say how much influence Germany has had in driving Belgium to this decision. Rumor has it that both Hitler and Mussolini brought pressure on Leopold and the Belgian government. But however the result was achieved, it cannot be denied that the action of Brussels constitutes a major political triumph for world fascism. For the past three years Hitler has formed his foreign policy with a view to destroying the principle of collective security, knowing that this principle precluded the waging of a successful war of conquest. The success of Nazi strategy may be gauged by the tremendous strides which Hitler has made within the past year. Twelve months ago Germany was rearming, but was virtually isolated diplomatically. Since then it has (1) remilitarized the Rhineland without reprisal; (2) added tremendously to its military power by extending the term of conscription and strengthening its air force; (3) concluded a peace pact with Austria resulting in much closer relations with Mussolini; (4) made such progress in the Balkans that it is probable that both Rumania and Yugoslavia would support the Reich today against France, their former protector; (5) by supporting Spanish fascism created the possibility of a new ally against democratic France; and (6) succeeded in winning the support of a powerful element in the Conservative Party of Great Britain. The past year has also witnessed the final failure of the League in the Italo-Ethiopian controversy, the abandonment of all talk of an Eastern Locarno, and, as a crowning coup, the defection of Belgium from the bloc of anti-Nazi states. A year ago one could say with confidence that Hitler would not dare start a war. Today he would still risk defeat if his attack were against the West; but who can say that tomorrow conditions will not be entirely in his favor?

The failure of England and France to support the Soviet Union's demand for a blockade of Portugal which would prevent fascist war supplies from reaching the Spanish rebels has also played into the hands of Hitler. Reliable reports from rebel territory indicate that the insurgents are seriously in need of money and munitions, and that the present vigorous drive on Madrid is prompted by belief that its capture will bring German and Italian recognition, with unlimited and "legal" supplies such as are now denied the legitimate government. Great Britain's refusal to aid Spanish democracy against a Nazi-aided fascist rebellion, coupled with its apparent indifference to Belgium's action, strengthens the suspicion that at least part of Baldwin's Cabinet has fallen victim to Hitler's anti-Communist bogy. The recent dissolution of the Colonial League, a Nazi organization which was created for the purpose of agitating for colonies for Germany, indicates that Hitler is willing to make substantial, though temporary, concessions to British opinion.

While the line-up of the powers is almost identical with that in 1914, there is one vital difference. Twenty years ago the various European states had reason to be frightened of German militarism, but the issues were comparatively unimportant. France wanted Alsace-Lorraine; Germany was anxious for a slice of Russia; both wanted new colonies. Today the struggle for territory is as far from being settled as in 1914, but it is overshadowed by a new issue of vastly greater consequence—the development of a well-organized world fascist front. The working class of France, England, and the United States could be unconcerned regarding the outcome of the imperialist struggle for colonies. But it cannot be indifferent to the threat of an international fascism which is primarily directed against its interests.

The President's Oath

IT was a toss-up from the start whether the Constitution and the Supreme Court would be torn down from the starry skies and brought into the campaign as an issue. Mr. Roosevelt had made it clear three months back that he would not press the subject of a constitutional amendment. To do so would have been (so he and his advisers reasoned) a heaven-sent gift to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Landon. There was no telling what artistic heights of distortion the Hearst technique might have achieved with such material. On the other hand the Republicans were torn for some time between their desire to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of all sorts of heinous intentions toward court and Constitution and their fear that a defense of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Supreme Court's knifing of liberal legislation would lose them the labor vote completely.

But now the dams are down. Three times during the past week—at Detroit, at Danville, Illinois, and on his way to Los Angeles—Mr. Landon has accused the President of aiming at a dictatorship, asked him whether he intends to overthrow the Constitution and change our form of government, and defended the Supreme Court decisions as the real cause of the return to prosperity. Another speech on the Constitution is scheduled for delivery in California. It is clear that Mr. Landon has now given up any hope he may have had of splitting the liberal and labor vote. He has definitely decided that his best chance lies in strengthening his hold on the conservatives by defending the court, and throwing a scare into the man on the street by picturing the President as weaving dictatorial plots.

Bared of all rhetoric the charges against Mr. Roosevelt sum up to this—that he has violated his oath of office. This is a serious charge and one not to be dismissed lightly, especially when made by a man like Mr. Landon, who is generally credited with being sincere and honest. What has Mr. Roosevelt done to lay himself open to the charge of having violated this oath? Anyone admitted to the cavernous confidences of the campaign-whisperers will be told that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected he will insist on having a third term, and if he fails of reelection this November he will refuse to yield up his office, call out the army, and barricade himself in the East Room. Mr. Landon in one of his speeches traced the sequence of steps by which European dictatorships have been set up, and accused Mr. Roosevelt of having already taken the most important of these steps. The usual charge is that he has put through legislation in defiance of the Constitution and has been prevented only by the Supreme Court from gathering all power to himself; that after election he intends to reintroduce the same legislation; that if he can get his way in no other fashion he intends to "pack" the court or press for a constitutional amendment.

What are the actual facts? Mr. Roosevelt's acts in Washington no more amount to dictatorship than Mr. Landon's acts in Topeka. Mr. Jackson's article in this issue shows decisively that Mr. Landon is no more adept at running the gauntlet of judicial review than is Mr. Roosevelt. The truth is that with a Supreme Court standing over you the business of legislation is always a precarious experiment, and the task of making it constitutional is a matter of guesswork. As for his attitude toward the Constitution and the Supreme Court, the President has followed the lead of constitutional scholars. Their view is that the living Constitution is not something rigid and fixed but what the court by its interpretation makes it. They add that the court has considerable latitude for decision and precedent enough to supply both the majority and minority opinions. Mr. Roosevelt's view has gone no farther. His "horse-and-buggy" statement was an expression of regret that the court should have chosen to narrow and freeze the power of Congress to put some order into the economic chaos.

Our own quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt is that he got frightened at the hue and cry raised by the professional patrioteers and the Liberty League lawyers, and that he allowed them to stampede him into silence. No one in this country has a monopoly of respect for the Constitution. The progressive and labor groups have so much respect for the Constitution that they wish to preserve it as it was intended—as an instrument for achieving the common welfare. They believe that the Constitution as it stands is an adequate instrument, if only the Supreme Court judges will not go out of their way to distort it as the court majority has done during the last fifteen incredible months. Mr. Roosevelt will be doing exactly what every President before him has done if he fills the vacancies that might arise in the court with judges whose outlook is sympathetic to his own. Even if Congress should decide to appoint new judges, there would be nothing unconstitutional in such an act—Congress has several times in the past exercised its right to regulate the number of judges. And our own belief is that if Mr. Roosevelt, in the event of his reelection, does not press hard for a constitutional amendment to give Congress the explicit power to enact a program of economic control, he will be untrue to his supporters. He will find himself powerless to perform adequately the duties of his office and thereby to fulfil his oath.

The real meaning of the Republican attack is directed beyond President Roosevelt to the 1940 campaign. What the Republicans are saying is that no one can campaign on a program for a planned economy of any sort without violating the Presidential oath of office. We may as well get this statement clear now. The charge will be made again in 1940 if a strong labor candidate is in the field, and it will be made with much more violence. If there is any doubt now whether planning for the common welfare is constitutional, that doubt must be removed in the next four years either by the Supreme Court or by the people through an amendment.

How Wrong Is the Digest Poll?

THE seventh report of the *Literary Digest's* Presidential poll shows Governor Landon leading in thirty-two of the forty-eight states, which would enable him to sweep the Electoral College by 370 to 161. This contrasts with the October 17 survey of the American Institute of Public Opinion, which indicates that President Roosevelt will carry thirty-five states and will have 390 electoral votes against Landon's 141. Obviously one or the other of these indicators of public opinion is seriously in error. The Institute of Public Opinion's poll is frankly based on comparatively few samples and therefore cannot be taken as too authoritative. It is particularly weak in that it does not adequately reach the small towns and country areas. The present report of the *Digest* poll, on the contrary, includes more than 1,800,000 votes, so that as far as numbers are concerned it is an extremely generous sample. It does not, however, by the *Digest's* own admis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion, present a proportionate vote from the great industrial centers—New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Cleveland, where Roosevelt's strength is the greatest. Moreover, its bias is indicated by the fact that more than 52 per cent of the voters thus far registering their preferences voted Republican in 1932, whereas Hoover only obtained 41 per cent of the vote in that election. Yet because it indicates both the 1932 and 1936 vote, it offers the raw material for as careful a prognostication as it is possible to make at this time.

It is generally conceded that President Roosevelt will carry the twelve Southern states by substantial majorities. The *Digest* also gives him three border states—Maryland, Oklahoma, and New Mexico—and Utah. All these states have at least a 57 per cent Roosevelt vote in the Institute of Public Opinion poll, and the poll of the Baltimore *Sun* gives Maryland to the President by nearly two to one. These sixteen states give Roosevelt 161 certain electoral votes. In addition there are eight other states—Arizona, California, Delaware, Missouri, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, and Nevada—with 48 electoral votes, that are clearly in the Democratic column if the shift in votes for the electorate as a whole follows the pattern indicated in the *Digest* poll. Thus in California 76.9 per cent of the persons who voted for Roosevelt in 1932 indicate that they will vote for him this year, while 18.8 of those who voted for Hoover have shifted to the President. Applying these percentages to the total vote in 1932, it appears that the state is safe for Roosevelt by approximately 200,000. In Delaware the shift has worked in the opposite direction. The number of Republicans voting for Roosevelt is sufficiently greater than the number of Democrats voting for Landon to overcome the slight Republican majority of 1932.

Governor Landon is reasonably sure of all the New England states, except possibly Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in addition to Kansas, South Dakota, and Wyoming. But these nine states have only 57 electoral votes, two less than the total obtained by Hoover in 1932. The remaining fifteen states are doubtful, although the *Digest* poll would place each of them in the Republican column by a small majority. This raises the question of how typical a sample the *Digest* has succeeded in obtaining. The fact that most of the voters reached by its poll in these states voted Republican in 1932 suggests that the selection is biased in the direction of the upper income levels. If the percentage of Republican votes in each state is compared with the percentage of Republican votes which the same group cast in 1932, it will be found that in most instances the Republicans have gained, but in a number of states the margin of increase is insufficient to wipe out the tremendous majorities by which Roosevelt was elected in 1932. In Nebraska, for example, the *Digest* poll shows 61 per cent of the voters favoring Landon. But in 1932, 52 per cent of these same individuals voted for Hoover. Thus we have a 9 per cent shift toward the Republican column. But 64 per cent of all Nebraskans voted for Roosevelt in 1932. A loss of 9 per cent would leave Nebraska in the Roosevelt column by a ratio of 55 to 45. By a similar computation, five other states—Minnesota, Colorado, Idaho, Wisconsin, and Washington—appear definitely to belong to Roosevelt. All these states are shown in the Roosevelt column in the Institute of Public Opinion poll. Together with the "certain" states they would give Mr. Roosevelt 268 electoral votes, or two more than necessary for election.

The People's Choice

Landon appears to have a slight edge in three important states—New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania—although the failure to include the urban vote may easily change the situation. The contest in the remaining six states — New York, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and West Virginia—is too close to make prediction profitable. If the President wins any three of these states, he will have more than 300 electoral votes. Landon can win only by sweeping all six and obtaining at least one additional state from the Democratic column. If you throw six pennies in the air, all may land "heads." But the chance of its happening is just 1 in 64.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Landon Is Losing the Middle West

Aboard Landon's Sunflower Special, October 16

WHEN Landon boards a train, leaves Topeka, and carries his cause in person to the country, things go from bad to worse. Roosevelt fanciers, accordingly, need feel no dismay that Landon is about to dash out to California and campaign through Pacific Coast territory that Roosevelt has ignored, considering it indubitably safe for Democracy. Landon's fourth and semi-final campaign tour, which is about to end as this is written, has been an incredible performance, full of blunders and productive of nothing but evidence that the G. O. P. still is in a state of widespread demoralization and that the Republican nominee is totally lacking in ability to stir mass enthusiasm.

The tour has covered four pivotal states that Landon must carry if he is to have any chance at all of capturing the Presidency, and two of them unquestionably are now in worse shape so far as his candidacy is concerned than they were before he visited them. Those two are Ohio and Michigan. In the other two—Illinois and Indiana—his prospects have not been visibly improved by his visit. After watching Landon's performance in these four states and talking to the Republican leaders in them, I would not give a nickel for Landon's chances of carrying any one of them, and if their total of 88 electoral votes goes to Roosevelt atop the 105 votes he will get from the solid South and those he is certain to get from the West, Landon will go down to defeat on November 3 in a Democratic landslide of 1932 dimensions.

It should be remembered that the purpose of a campaign tour is to whip up enthusiasm chiefly among party workers so that, drawing confidence from the sight of large crowds cheering their candidate, they will redouble their efforts to get out the vote. If the crowds and the enthusiasm are not in evidence, the ward-heelers and precinct runners lose heart and the machine languishes. There is only one other stimulus that will keep the machine running—money, and it is now apparent that there is not going to be much of that in the Landon camp. Members of the Landon entourage aboard the train already are speculating on the size of the campaign deficit, and the professional technicians among them are worrying openly about whether their salaries will be paid; meanwhile, at Chicago, Chairman Hamilton publicly and querulously admits that contributions have fallen off sharply at the campaign's most critical stage. There is even reason to believe that Landon's hobnobbing with Henry Ford and his Detroit speech praising the automobile magnates for having fought the NRA were desperate bids for funds regardless of the immediate cost in votes.

The financial trend within the G. O. P.—a trend exactly the opposite of that in the Roosevelt camp, whose coffers just recently have begun to fill with consoling contributions from industrialists—perhaps accounts for the absence during this semi-final Landon tour of any sign that the G. O. P. machine is operating with its old-time efficiency. That machine in the past has functioned with marvelous precision in producing crowds and fanfare. In their mechanics Republican campaign tours compared to Democratic have been like the Ringling Brothers' circus compared to a traveling medicine show. This year the situation is reversed. In the past, for example, the Republican command never would have taken its Presidential candidate out to an open-air meeting with the temperature down to forty and oil stoves required on the rostrum to keep the nominee from getting cold feet. Nor would it have placed the nominee, as also happened at Detroit, out behind second base and two hundred feet from any member of his audience. These things are not so insignificant as they may seem to the untutored observer, for they indicate a degree of inefficiency in the Republican machine presaging an equal inefficiency in the essentially mechanical task of producing votes for Landon in the polling booths on November 3. It is no wonder that after his Detroit speech Landon, according to participants, stormed and ranted, cursing the Republican high command at Chicago and vowing henceforth to run his own campaign. The first evidence of that decision was his determination to visit California, after he had been advised by Hamilton and the rest that the Pacific Coast was lost.

As for that other requisite stimulus to party workers, enthusiastic crowds, they also have been lacking on this tour. The crowds that Landon has drawn along the route, compared with the Roosevelt crowds in the same territory, have everywhere been small and apathetic. Such enthusiasm as they have shown has disappeared before Landon was halfway through his speeches; this is true of his major addresses, and it is even more true of his rear-platform speeches. If, listening to him on the radio, you think he is a poor and fumbling speaker, you should hear him in those speeches which are not broadcast. When he speaks to a nation-wide radio audience he plainly is keyed up for a supreme effort. Seldom is he able to maintain the pitch even throughout those speeches, and when he is making a simple, rear-platform appearance he does not even try. It requires only a glance at the faces of his audiences to see that he depresses them. In some cases he does more than that; the audiences for his rear-platform appearances have been made up in large part of school children, and often some group of kids has detached itself from the crowd in the middle of Landon's remarks and run off shouting, "Aw, that guy stutters!" Unlike Roosevelt's cross-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country progress, which draws crowds to every wayside crossing even where no stop is scheduled, Landon's touring brings him crowds only at obvious points where spontaneity is not necessary. At Fort Wayne, where his train laid over for twenty minutes, no crowd at all appeared.

Another significant difference between the Landon and Roosevelt campaigns is that on this semi-final tour Landon has been booed at every stop except in Indiana. The booing has not been violent, for American political crowds are lamentably polite, but it has been done with unmistakable gusto and scorn. It makes no difference that a large part of the booing has been done by kids in the crowd, for they doubtless reflect in their conduct on these occasions the political views of their parents. Rain destroyed all chance of judging crowd response at Chicago, where Roosevelt, arriving in fair weather a few days later, was uproariously cheered by mobs that reached from building line to street-car track. At Akron, where Landon was whirled from the station to an armory packed with 3,000 job-hungry party workers, there were no crowds on the downtown streets through which he passed, and many of the shoppers on the sidewalks did not spare the candidate a glance. Here as at other points on the tour curbstone bystanders seemed to have difficulty in identifying Landon among the occupants of the open car in which he rode. Average Alf is just so incurably average in appearance that he is hard to pick out even in a small group; some of the reporters who have been traveling with him since the beginning of the campaign still have difficulty in spotting him on occasion, and one of his chief supporters among them tells of having overlooked Alf at three paces during a reception at Topeka. Among his fellow-Kansans Landon is as indistinguishable as a wren among old leaves, and that may account for his low visibility while on tour, for he carries a bevy of Kansans with him.

Standing beside Republican machine leaders at Cincinnati, Landon elected to praise the town for having got rid of machine politics by adopting a non-partisan, city-manager form of government and to pay a tribute to one of his "brain trusters," Charles P. Taft, Jr., a leader in the fight to maintain Cincinnati's present form of government against the attacks of the Republican machine. The machine leaders promptly protested to Taft, who in turn hastened to suggest to Landon that he drop the subject. He attempted to make amends in a formal speech a few minutes later by avowing his preference for machine politicians against "lily-handed" citizens who "boast they take no interest in politics." It was in that same speech that he followed up his praise for non-partisan government by championing the two-party system and expressing horror over the fact that Roosevelt had formed an alliance with the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota and let the Democratic Party there go hang. Landon later explained to friends that he had made his opening tribute to Taft and the Cincinnati government because he happened to remember that Theodore Roosevelt with good effect had paid a similar tribute to Judge Ben Lindsey when his campaign took him into Denver.

Landon planned to denounce at Akron the Roosevelt Administration's friendship for labor as fraudulent and to support his contention with certain quotations from Norman Thomas. Before the final draft of his speech was completed, the Thomas quotations were dropped, and when he stepped to the rostrum he deliberately cut all other references to labor and social security from his prepared speech. In fact, while sitting on the platform just before he spoke, he told the reporters of the cuts he planned; the warning, however, came too late, and the early afternoon editions of papers all over the country carried words about labor that Landon never spoke. It was at Toledo that he finally got around to making his labor speech, and there, speaking in mid-morning, he delivered it to an audience made up almost entirely of housewives, who seemed bewildered by his theme.

Among other misfortunes he suffered on the tour was the presence of Ogden L. Mills, who joined him at Columbus and left him at Cleveland, and of Walter Brown, Hoover's Postmaster General and patronage dispenser, who joined at Cleveland and left at Toledo. Mills kept himself out of sight as much as possible. Brown, however, did no hiding and even put up a fight for the right to introduce Landon at Toledo.

At Detroit stupid management caused the Landon parade from station to hotel to be routed through an industrial slum area where the crowds were distinctly inhospitable. It was later reported by Michigan Republican leaders who rode with the nominee that the crowds had booed him so lustily that he had squirmed and kept angrily demanding to know who had authorized a parade for him. Just as the parade reached the downtown section, he ordered his car to circle the band at the head of the procession and rush him without further delay to his hotel. It may be, of course, that he was merely in a hurry to greet the Fords, who were waiting there for him in the company of Harry Bennett, the chief of the Ford secret-police system. However, the next day when local Republicans adjured him to leave the train at Flint to address a meeting uptown, Landon sharply informed his associates that he was not going to get off the train again in Michigan.

He left behind him in both Ohio and Michigan a trail of deserters. Republican leaders in both states told reporters without any urging that they proposed thenceforth to cut loose from Landon and sail their own boats. They said they had chances of being elected if they could capture a substantial number of Democratic and independent votes and they did not intend risking defeat for themselves by taking up the cudgels for Landon and, perforce, against Roosevelt. They counted themselves stronger than Landon in both states. Of the four states visited on this tour the one which looked best for Landon was Indiana; the Republican machine there appeared more alert and efficient than did its counterparts in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. All the newspaper polls being taken in Ohio except one give the state to Roosevelt. There are no comparable indicators in Michigan, but the majority of political writers there laugh at Landon's chances. In Illinois it is conceded that Roosevelt will carry Chicago by a huge plurality, and in the central part of the state, where the Republicans must poll an even bigger vote if Landon is to win, all signs indicate a fifty-fifty split.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Madrid's Front Line

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, October 8

MADRID is preparing for siege. The rebels will certainly try, in the near future, to cut the railway which connects Madrid with its important food sources in Valencia. Already the streets of the capital are full of queues. There is a shortage of sugar, butter, milk, and meat. I just passed a long line of women waiting for horse flesh. A siege of Madrid, in such circumstances, would be a grave matter.

The Spanish civil war, however, will go on even if the government loses Madrid. A defeat in this area, damaging though it would be, might indeed release that burst of energy and determination which the Spanish revolution has thus far lacked. The fall of Madrid could in part be balanced by victories in Asturias and Andalusia. In any case Catalonia and the east will remain closed to the rebels for many months. There, as well as in other regions, the government could dig itself in, reorganize its forces, and prepare for a new phase of the civil war.

This is the spirit which prevails in Madrid even in these days of depression. The revolution cannot lose, is the general sentiment. For history has written the death sentence of the classes which follow in the wake of the insurgent generals. "History," to be sure, seems a poor weapon against tri-motor bombers and fierce foreign legionaries. But in this instance "history" signifies the incapacity of the former rulers of this country to continue to rule it. If the government succumbs, the people will fight on because they must. The struggle may take years.

What the Spanish government needs most desperately at this moment is a well-trained army. Millions of people staunchly support the anti-fascist cause. But the government's armed resources consist of some Assault Guards, a few Civil Guards, and many thousands of voluntary militiamen who are untrained, inexperienced, undisciplined, and badly officered. They melt away under fire. On September 24 I went up to an attack on the Alcazar, the Toledo citadel. While I waited in the large, square, and still beautiful, though partially ruined, patio of the hospital of Santa Cruz, government cannon shells whistled overhead every minute and burst in the Alcazar. This was the artillery preparation for the attack. At the entrance of Santa Cruz stood a sixty-ton tank equipped with one cannon and three machine-guns, ready to ascend into the fortress. The driver told me he would start at 5 p.m. At exactly 5 p.m. the artillery bombardment ceased. Four hundred men were sent up through byways. But the attack did not begin until forty minutes later, when the brave Alcazar defenders had had time to recover from the cannon barrage. I sat on a ledge of steel which stuck out from the tank while it lumbered up the hairpin bends of the road in the huge Alcazar gardens. Then I sought better cover, together with the men, behind the stone walls of the terraces. Everything seemed to be going well. Suddenly a man rushed down the road with blood streaming from behind his ear. He was immediately followed by another whose trouser leg reddened as he ran. At that moment something hit the earth nearby with a low thud; a fountain of white smoke rose into the air. Three men who had crouched there were wounded. They ran down toward Santa Cruz. One, with many thin trickles of blood flowing from under his hat over his face, stopped in front of me and yelled with a hoarse voice, "Arriba, arriba," upward, upward. Groups of soldiers were descending in panic. Officers drew their revolvers, jumped from one group to the other, and threatened to shoot anyone who retreated. A man, held under the arms by two others, was being brought down. He had become hysterical and uttered almost inhuman cries.

Silence intervened. The atmosphere relaxed. An officer lit a cigarette and smiled to reassure the men. I left my cover and joined him in the middle of the road. Just then the three men with whom I had stood at the stone wall disappeared in a cloud of black smoke. When it dissipated they were on the ground, bleeding. The enemy was firing from a mortar; the shells fell perpendicularly and rather noiselessly. I helped pick up one of the wounded and carry him to the first-aid station in Santa Cruz. He asked us to open his belt. Over his heart the wet red patch grew bigger and bigger. He groaned and talked, and then opened his mouth and said nothing. The immense patio where three physicians were functioning was furnished with one faint electric bulb, though it was an inside room and might have been well lighted. Stretcher bearers were begging the doctors to attend to their wounded. The man I had carried moaned for water. There was none available. Part of his knee had been shot away, and a piece of steel had cut into a rib. The others, fifteen in all, were only superficially wounded. When I had entered the Red Cross station it was becoming dark. Soon Santa Cruz filled with the attackers, who had retired, and before another quarter of an hour the tank returned. This was the end of an assault which was completely wasted because it was badly managed. Four mortar bombs, fired by skilled officers in the Alcazar, had routed a battalion.

Military experts, foreign and Spanish, agree that the Alcazar, key to the whole central front, which now includes Madrid, might have been captured, its desperate defenders and thick walls notwithstanding, by 1,000 good soldiers. The government tried to find them and could not. A Madrid daily said on September 29 that 5,000 disciplined fighters could win the war for the government. Certainly they could check the enemy. The government has not got them. On September 25 I went to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Talavera front and then, across country, to Toledo. At Olias del Rey, a village ten kilometers from Toledo, the highway was full of deserting militia. Why were they abandoning Toledo? Enemy bombers, they replied, had dropped three bombs on the city. Before I could get their full story, three mammoth German planes, Henkels, circled over us. I lay down behind an olive tree in a V-shaped depression between two knolls. It is certainly no pleasant sensation to be in the possible field of a military aeroplane's activity. Experienced soldiers, however, remain unmoved; they do not flee in panic. The next day, after firing a few cannon shells into Toledo, the insurgent generals were practically assured of its mastery.

On April 16 last, on leaving Spain, I wrote that the right reactionaries were "depressed, frightened, and disorganized. Their only hope at the moment is a violent coup d'état with the aid of the army and/or the Guardia Civil. This scheme is a measure of their helplessness." I referred to their social and political helplessness. Lacking the support of the nation, they resorted to a military insurrection whose backbone is Moors, the mercenaries of the Foreign Legion, and foreign fascist aviators. Some 95 per cent of the officers and the bulk of the soldiers of the Spanish army chose the rebel side when the revolt broke in Morocco on July 17.

The need of an army, then, is the Spanish revolution's most urgent problem. This is civil war, and wars are fought and won by armies. What the legal government needs is a breathing-space in which to train its many enthusiastic devoted followers. Will it get this breathing-space?

This, in some measure, is a question of cannon and aeroplanes. The government has too few of either. The insurgents, it is expertly estimated, have about 10,000 men on the Talavera-Toledo front. Only half of these could be available for a march on Madrid or its communications. Twenty bombers could hold them back. Often it seems as if fifty aeroplanes could assure victory to the revolution in a very short time. The course of the civil war may be determined, at this stage, by several score of aeroplanes. The government has plenty of gold and pilots. Because of the so-called neutrality regulations it cannot buy enough machines. Several days ago I interviewed Vincent Patriarcha, a twenty-three-year-old Italian fascist flier with an American past who is now held prisoner here. He was flying over Talavera on September 13 in his Italian Fiat, which can do 230 miles an hour. Government aeroplanes appeared. He shot down two. Then Felix Iturbe, a third loyal Spanish aviator, realizing that his slow machine was no match for the fast Italian, catapulted himself into the Fiat and smashed it. The Italian came down in his parachute and was arrested. Iturbe was killed. The wing of his plane imprisoned him in his cockpit so that he could not jump out. Patriarcha told me he came from Genoa in a squadron of five machines. He saw twenty-four Italian Fiats and Savoys in Seville. There are more in Seville. There are German aeroplanes too. At the Madrid airport the other day I played with the machine-gun levers and gun turrets of the giant Junkers which had strayed on its flight to Seville and been taken here. A child could have known it was an undisguised military machine.

To win, the government must have aeroplanes and other equipment. At Olias del Rey the day before yesterday government artillery shelled Bargas, three miles away. I asked the militia why they did not follow with an attack. They said, "The Moors have machine-guns, we have only rifles." For the present, therefore, the military position dwarfs all others. The alignment of anti-fascist political forces is not altogether stable, and further reverses in the field may upset the balance. Chaos and defeat may follow. Immediate help from the outside can prevent a débâcle. Meanwhile, this city is preparing for siege.

The struggle now racking Spain actually commenced in April, 1931, when the monarchy fell. The pillars of the monarchy—the unenlightened church, the unprogressive landed classes, and the caste army—survived it. During his first long tenure of office (October, 1931, to September, 1933) Prime Minister Manuel Azaña improved the conditions of farm labor, expropriated some of the grandees' estates, and settled approximately 10,000 peasants on the land. He retired unnecessary army officers on full pay. But even the mild reforms he so cautiously introduced both frightened and angered the bourgeoisie. In September, 1933, Azaña was replaced by a right coalition. It wiped out his innovations, reduced wages, and applied a terror which is still remembered vividly.

The measure of the popular unrest that ensued was the violent Asturias revolt in October, 1934, and the simultaneous abortive rising in Catalonia. Passions flamed high; blood flowed profusely. The reactionaries lacked a policy, and the masses ultimately sought salvation in unity. On February 16, 1936, the Popular Front ousted the right from office. This second Azaña government had to be more radical in respect to the land and the church. Yet it still did not touch the army. When I asked Azaña on April 4, 1936, why he did not purge the army, he said, "I see no danger from it." Then he added with a laugh, "And if I did I would not say so." He knew I knew and I knew he knew that there was a danger. All Madrid talked about it. If 200 superior officers of the army had been arrested six months ago in one unexpected swoop, Spain might have been spared the 80,000 men and women, who, it is roughly estimated, have died in the last ten weeks of civil war. Azaña, however, pure-minded intellectual that he is, preferred partial action to drastic action. His land reform alarmed the landlords without seriously weakening them. His delicate transfer of some generals from Madrid to distant posts warned them of possible events to come and told them to prepare for revolt. The coincidence of the semi-feudal class's fear for its property with the militarists' fear for their positions as protectors of the classes from which they spring explains the present rising against constituted authority. Pedants may split hairs about the legality of the situation; the reality is that the landlords, generals, fascists, and their allies are making a last effort to curb the popular revolution which started when Alfonso was driven out. It is a revolution against widespread poverty, for human rights, for progress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt and His Fellow-Travelers

BY MAX LERNER

DESPITE hosannas and battle cries the Presidential campaign is, I am convinced, something less than Armageddon. Despite the antics of Messrs. Farley and Hamilton it is something more than a sordid scramble for political jobs. But between Armageddon and the fleshpots there is room for various appraisals of what the campaign thus far sums up to. What have we learned about it?

First, that a campaign can be dirty without ceasing to be somewhat dull. This is due, no doubt, to the clumsiness with which the Republicans and their fascist allies have handled their propaganda tools. Smearing Roosevelt with communism, atheism, and Spanish atrocities is well enough as a technique, but it requires at least a modicum of intelligence. Second, that prosperity talks, and can make its voice heard even amid the campaign din. Third, that the prowess of newspapers and campaign funds has been overrated. Mr. Roosevelt has gained strength despite an almost perfect Fourth Estate batting score against him and despite what seemed like inexhaustible Republican coffers. Fourth, that class counts for more than section in American life. Granted all of Mr. Roosevelt's advantages and his masterful campaign, with its feinting, parrying, and thrusting, the fact remains that he could get nowhere if the common people were not united behind him. As a figure Mr. Roosevelt dominates the whole campaign, but the *division* of forces is not to be seen in personal terms: it comes closer to being a class division than in any election since Jackson's. Only the farm vote and that of the lower middle class are seriously split. Fifth, that party lines are now more unstable than at any time since the Civil War, as witness the striking shifts of alignment in all the camps. Al Smith is right. There *are* things that transcend party.

The new phenomenon is the fellow-traveler. The term has a Russian background and means someone who does not accept all your aims but has enough in common with you to accompany you in a comradely fashion part of the way. In this campaign both Mr. Landon and Mr. Roosevelt have acquired fellow-travelers. Mr. Landon fears to link arms openly with them, but there they are unmistakably seeking to help him on his difficult trek to the White House—Coughlin, Townsend, Gerald Smith, Al Smith, the du Ponts, Hearst, and Lemke. Mr. Roosevelt's fellow-travelers are the forces of progressive labor, organized nationally as Labor's Non-Partisan League and in crucial New York taking the form of the American Labor Party. The desperate union of tories and fascists was to be expected. The massing of labor almost solidly behind a liberal Democrat deserves closer analysis.

Just what does it mean? Campaign or no campaign, we all know that we are living today on the thin edge of history. The fate of workers and progressives in the fascist countries has roused American workers from their traditional lethargy in politics. It has led the more militant of them to abandon their former "plague on both your houses" attitude and come out for Roosevelt. The argument from the right, voiced by Mr. Knox and Mr. Hutcheson, that this will lead labor into slavery is too absurd to be discussed. But the case from the left against Roosevelt's progressive supporters is clean-cut and cogent.

They are told that men have been lured by phrases before; that this sort of chasing after a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow has been the bitter and continuous experience of progressives, and invariably the glitter has turned out to be not that of gold but of the steel bayonets of the National Guard; that the worker should have learned from past experience with war hysteria how not to plump for the pretty phrase, how to keep his head, how to feel for the ribbed structure of actuality under the skin of rhetoric; that Roosevelt's class roots are not those of the worker but of the aristocrat, and his historic function is to bolster capitalism with the minimum concession to its victims; that the outlook for the future is not much better than the record of the past; that Mr. Roosevelt has so little tenacity of purpose that a program is for him a work of art meticulously carved in butter; that when the inevitable disillusionment comes under Roosevelt it will let the workers down harder than otherwise, because it will be a disillusionment with their own action as well; that it means a sapping of the workers' energies and a false education for them to make a hero of a leader who cannot solve their problems.

There is considerable force in this argument. How do the Roosevelt progressives answer it?

The American progressive workers have learned that doctrinaire radicalism is ineffective without a mass base no matter how valid may be its position; and that it has made little or no progress in winning a mass base in America. They have learned also from European experience that while the radical parties were refining their theory and quarreling among themselves, the fascists stole a march on them and captured power. If I understand them, they are determined that this shall not happen here. There is, of course, an equal determination to the same effect on the part of the Socialists and Communists. That is why there is less liberal-baiting among the radicals and less radical-baiting among the liberals. That is why, also, the emphasis has shifted from contempt for the bourgeois-democratic state to a defense of democratic processes. But more is involved than a change in language. We are witnessing a drastic shift in orientation.

Perhaps I can best express that shift in summary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashion by saying that the new attitude is gradualist, nativist, and thoroughly convinced of labor's ultimate political strength. Its gradualism is the sort that wants socialization of industry, but wants also to make reasonably sure of every step along the road to that goal. The premise is that you cannot get from *a* to *c* without passing through *b*. The premise is also that you must work with what material you have at hand. And that material happens to be the American people as the end-product of the complex course of American history. It is not so much with Mr. Roosevelt that progressives like Lewis and Hillman are working: it is rather with the masses of American labor, who find themselves in 1936 no farther advanced than to accept and applaud the New Deal's sympathy for trade unionism and collective bargaining.

The progressive temper is today hard-bitten and coldly instrumental. For labor the choice between Roosevelt and Landon is a choice between a chance on the one hand to organize its forces over the next four years and on the other hand the certainty that it will be kept from it. The progressives have their eye not on 1936 but on 1940. There is much they can learn, of course, in 1936: they can set up a skeleton organization of their own, as the American Labor Party is doing in New York; they can learn the low-down on politics all the way from the city ward to the national capital. But unless labor has its own political party in 1940 it cannot meet the increasing fascist threat. Obviously there can be no such political organization in 1940 unless labor builds a far more extensive economic base than it has at present in the A. F. of L. That base can be built only by a rapid and energetic campaign of organizing the mass-production industries. That will be at best a difficult task, even under Mr. Roosevelt—and Miss Perkins. Under Mr. Landon and Bill Hutcheson it would be impossible. Attempts to achieve it would meet with unrestrained violence from the employers, treachery from the Labor Department, and the use of the military by the government. The overshadowing need over the next four years is for an open state of civil liberties, without which no progress of any sort can be made toward organizing the workers and their allies.

That, I take it, is why a large majority of the progressive intellectuals and almost the whole of labor are for Mr. Roosevelt. They are not shutting their eyes to his shortcomings. They do not lack a historical perspective from which to view him. They will not count on his generosity or humanitarianism but only on the fact that his own fate, like theirs, depends on avoiding fascism, consolidating the control of industry, and keeping an open state of civil liberties. They are pouring their energy and money into his campaign now, and working shoulder to shoulder with Democratic politicians who represent the worst aspects of capitalism and of whom they will eventually have to sweep the polity clean. But it is characteristic of American labor now that it feels sufficiently strong and confident of the future to take the risks involved.

[*This is the first of two articles analyzing the dilemma of the American progressive. The second will appear next week.*]

Will New York Go for Roosevelt?

BY CARL RANDAU

New York, October 20

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will carry New York. The Empire State's forty-seven electoral votes will go to him as something of a bonus, for he could win without them. Governor Landon, on the other hand, has never had a chance unless he might somehow corral New York. The Republicans will go on calling New York a "doubtful" state until November 3, in order to keep up their courage and to keep the campaign contributions flowing in. If they once admitted that Roosevelt had an edge on his home state's large block of votes, their campaign would collapse, for the big campaign contributors, mostly from New York or with close New York connections, have a canny objection to throwing cash on the ash heap. There has been no sound reason at any time during the present campaign for listing New York among the doubtful states. Since the completion of New York City's registration, which showed an increase of 500,000 over 1932, no one but Roosevelt-hating dowagers and Republican contribution collectors have had any reason to keep up the pretense.

The city's vote will determine the result in the state, and there is every likelihood that the President will pile up a city lead of more than 1,000,000 votes. He had a city lead of 871,000 over Hoover in 1932 against an upstate Hoover lead of 275,000, which gave him the state by almost 600,000. Landon's upstate lead, as indicated by several polls, may be a little larger than Hoover's, but he will be lucky if he can cut the Roosevelt state lead to 500,000. Registration in the state this year for the first time exceeds 6,000,000. The gains have been heavier in New York City than upstate, and upstate they have been heaviest in the cities—cities which have shown an increasing Democratic drift for fifteen years.

The Republicans realized some time ago that they were in a tough spot. Since it was not possible to have all Democrats deported before the election, they did the next best thing. They tried to frighten the voters by telling them Roosevelt was a Communist. The red scare is now in full bloom, but it has produced more laughter than fear and more resentment than belief. Hearst started the drive by playing up Browder's declaration that the big issue was the defeat of Landon, but he distorted his quotations and was quickly overtaken. Hamilton rushed to the rescue by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shouting that Roosevelt, via Dubinsky, was helping to kill Catholics in Spain. He had just as bad luck as Hearst, because the Catholics to whom he was appealing in this country are literate and have read, even in the Hearst papers, that the most effective slaughtering of Catholics in Spain is being done by Moors, the historic enemies of Rome. Roosevelt took the rather unnecessary step of denying that he was a Communist, and the Communists made it unanimous.

Al Smith hasn't called Roosevelt a Communist yet, and he has rather concentrated his fire on the questionably important fact that the President didn't ask him how to run things, but the man whom Smith is credited with having put across as the Republican candidate for governor wasted no time in jumping into the middle of the red scare. This man, for many years a respected Supreme Court Justice in Westchester County, William F. Bleakley, hadn't got around to such unimportant questions as what he would do about running the state government when he told an audience at Monticello that the President, "by his attacks on the Constitution and his publicly stated disfavor with the Supreme Court, has weakened these bulwarks against communism." Judge Bleakley's concern with the national Administration rather than with the local campaign is typical of the entire Republican strategy, which relies heavily on the development of the issue of communism. And it's a hard job to convince a New York audience that Governor Lehman, ex-Wall Street banker, has any well-defined left leanings.

Bleakley's selection as the Republican candidate has many interesting angles, not the least interesting being the fact, that his nomination was paid for in part by Al Smith's speeches for the Republicans. His strength as a Catholic and Smith's speeches have been rather overshadowed by mid-campaign revelations concerning his banking entanglements. It has been shown, for instance, that when the Westchester Trust Company was taken over by the State Superintendent of Banks on February 3, 1934, Judge Bleakley was responsible for loans aggregating $116,981. Of these, $38,417 were personal loans; $41,379 were loans of which he was single indorser; and $37,085 were loans of which he was joint indorser with a man who later died. He did not refrain, despite these debts, from sitting as presiding justice in a grand-jury inquiry into the bank or from giving advice to a jury which exonerated the bank officers of the charges against them. He also sat as judge in the case of a widow who brought suit to recover funds from the bank, and then put aside the jury's verdict favoring the widow. Reports in Democratic circles are that Bleakley owed Westchester banks about $300,000 at the time of the crash.

Even before these discoveries Bleakley was regarded as just another Republican also-ran, and Al Smith's pro-Republican speeches had been recognized as worth less than the price paid for them. His Carnegie Hall address proved to be almost as great a boomerang as his Liberty League speech. It did give the Republicans a chance to attain a new high in ridiculous campaign claims. They announced that Smith would bring 3,000,000 Democrats with him to the Republican fold. Newspaper surveys indicate that the only persons convinced by Smith were already lined up for Landon, while Democrats generally speak of him as a traitor. His attempt to swing votes away from Roosevelt is likely to be one of the biggest flops of a campaign replete with flops. Al Smith's attacks on Roosevelt will not convince the millions who have obtained jobs through the WPA or the revival of business activity that the New Deal has been a complete failure. Smith, despite the fact he was once the state's most popular man, has utterly lost his hold on the masses.

Some politicians argue that Smith, as a leading Catholic layman, will be able to wean many Catholic votes from Roosevelt, but there are indications that in this election far more attention will be paid to economic than to religious issues. The Gallup poll recently showed that Roosevelt is supported by four out of five Catholics, and that of all religious sects the Catholics have the least inclination to vote for Landon. As a dry, and as governor of a dry state, Landon had plenty to overcome to win favor with New York's Catholics even if it had not been rumored that he had sympathetic leanings toward the Ku Klux Klan. It was in part to offset the harm done by such reports that Landon showed an interest in the selection of New York's gubernatorial candidate—an interest that was enough to give great impetus to the Bleakley preconvention drive. But in putting up a Catholic candidate for governor the Republicans sacrificed some support among the bitterly anti-Catholic upstate farmers, and so for every Democrat the Republicans may entice away by means of the religious issue they may well lose a vote to the Democrats in the rural communities. Furthermore, Governor Lehman stands well with the Catholics, partly because he exonerated District Attorney Geoghan of Brooklyn of misfeasance charges.

Geoghan is a good Catholic and popular with the Brooklyn Irish. If the Geoghan followers vote for Lehman, they are also likely to vote for Roosevelt, despite Al Smith, Bleakley, and even the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. Coughlin's influence in New York State is small. His National Union for Social Justice has had difficulties in getting groups to organize into clubs except in the outlying sections of New York City and in some rural communities. When Coughlin recently made his only personal appearance of the campaign in New York City, he chose to speak in the borough which he thought the center of his strength—Brooklyn. Despite extensive ballyhoo, Ebbets Field, scene of the gathering was only half filled. Coughlin's candidate, Lemke, hadn't made a dent on the New York electorate when the priest offered to support the Republican ticket, only to have his offer indignantly rejected.

Far more important than the Union Party's activities is the role being played by union labor. At the recent convention of the State Federation of Labor at Syracuse Roosevelt and Lehman were indorsed unanimously—an action without precedent in this state. The American Labor Party, the New York branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League, is actively campaigning for Roosevelt and Lehman and is more interested in getting voters to cast their Roosevelt-Lehman ballots under the Labor Party insignia than in electing any candidates of its own. Un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fortunately for its own future, it is a party almost without candidates. Those who are sincerely interested in developing a strong Farmer-Labor Party for 1940 question the tactics of this concentration on the Roosevelt-Lehman campaign, but there is no doubt that this course will enhance the majority by which the Democrats carry the state.

Republicans who have expected Roosevelt to be defeated partly through the normal reaction of election swings would do well to reflect on the long tenure of office enjoyed by Jefferson's party once he managed to overcome the Tories and the Federalists in 1800. Since the days of Jefferson and Jackson no President has frankly relied on popular support and uncompromisingly placed human rights above property rights. Any party, whether it be headed by Roosevelt or another, which emphasizes human rights may well find itself as secure as the party of Jefferson and his successors, which "held the reins of government, with scarcely a contest and without a single defeat, for forty years."

There are indications that the voters, despite newspaper and high-priest advice, want political leaders who genuinely represent them, or at least make an effort to carry out their wishes. Because Roosevelt has managed to convince most voters that he has their interests at heart, it is wholly possible not only that he will be the first Democrat to win New York's electoral vote in two successive popular elections, but that he will break his own record for a total national electoral vote.

Is Landon Constitutional?

BY ROBERT H. JACKSON

THE constitutional issue, which threatened at the beginning of the campaign to be of major importance, was for a time evidently recognized as a hot potato by both sides and was generally ignored. In his last few speeches, however, Governor Landon has again, perhaps rashly, brought the issue into the limelight. Particularly in his Detroit speech on October 13 the Republican candidate devoted most of his remarks to criticism of what he called President Roosevelt's usurpation of legislative power, and of his readiness to ignore or to defy the power of the courts.

When on July 23 a voice from Topeka proposed to "restore" our government to a "constitutional basis," we accepted it as a proper statement of the purpose of any law-abiding citizen. The voice also called attention to the Presidential oath "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States" and said that the oath carried the obligation to "so use the executive power that it will fulfil the purposes for which it was delegated." This was still obvious and safe. But the candidate continued, "It is with a full understanding of the meaning of this oath that I accept this nomination." This was a clear challenge to an investigation of his understanding of constitutional principles, which was the last thing that he should have started.

In Kansas the executive power as exercised by Governor Landon has been in conflict with the judicial power just as the national executive power has clashed with the judicial, and with the same results. The executive and legislative branches of government in Kansas have been prevented from carrying out major policies by their failure to comply with requirements which the judicial department considered more important than the policy involved. The judges killed the policy to vindicate the constitutional principle that they felt had been violated.

Governor Landon was first elected for a two-year term which began on January 9, 1933. He was reelected in the landslide of November, 1934, which produced the oversized New Deal majority in Congress. That might indicate that he was not out of step with the New Deal sentiment then prevailing. His second term began January 14, 1935, and his tenure of office therefore roughly coincides with President Roosevelt's. The two men have faced similar problems; both have had rough treatment from the legalists.

Topeka did not chide Washington; it attended the New Deal ceremonials with supplications and anthems of praise. At the oil conference called by Secretary Ickes on March 27, 1933, Governor Landon is reported by the New York *Times* to have declared that he wanted to "enlist for the duration of the war in this campaign of President Roosevelt's to get America on its feet"; and he added that "even the iron hand of a dictator is better than paralysis." Of course Mr. Roosevelt's better judgment recognized such radical, if well-intended, counsel as the panic of scared men. He tried to follow the traditional American way, relying on the Supreme Court, as he was justified in doing by its earlier decisions, to take a reasonably broad view of emergency power.

Executives must have a policy for the future; judges are occupied only with precedents from the past. The policy of an executive is shaped solely by the result which he wants to accomplish. The judges have again and again said that they are concerned not with results but with a law that is above results. Can Mr. Landon escape this conflict between legalism and statesmanship? The answer is that as Governor of Kansas he has not been able to.

It is not my purpose in this study to uphold or to attack any of Governor Landon's laws which the courts have struck down. It is my purpose merely to read the court reports and to assay his claim that he knows how to get along with the courts and how to get his program into constitutional shape. Let us look first at certain emergency legislation which reflects Governor Landon's financial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy. I would not detract from Mr. Landon's reputation as a frugal Governor, but his frugality appears to have been fortified by an early decision of the Kansas Supreme Court which brought him summarily back to the Kansas constitution, from which he had wandered, and restrained any disposition he might otherwise have developed to become lavish. On November 23, 1933, Governor Landon approved a measure authorizing the Kansas Commission of Forestry, Fish, and Game to borrow $200,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make certain public improvements and defray extraordinary expenses. The state Supreme Court held the law unconstitutional. In condemning the Landon borrowing policy the court recited various constitutional provisions and said: "These provisions make it clear that from the foundation of the state the mandate of the constitution has prescribed a fiscal policy of 'pay as you go' so far as current expenses of state government are concerned." The court cited extreme measures taken by the state of Kansas in times past in maintaining a traditional financial conservatism. Governor Landon's financial policy was adjudged to be contrary to this safe and sane policy. Thus the Governor of Kansas was saved from an early disposition to go in debt. The court's decision leaves an impression that his reputation for sound finance may be somewhat synthetic.

That unauthorized power has been delegated to the President has been asserted with much sound and fury. It is argued that in order to take the government out of hands that would accept unauthorized power and to avoid the danger of a dictatorship, the Governor of Kansas should become President of the United States. In his Detroit speech on October 13 Mr. Landon said: " . . . when the independence of the courts is destroyed, the rights and liberties of the people are gone. The people are then at the mercy of the Executive. The Executive is all powerful." It is somewhat startling therefore to find that in a unanimous decision of the Kansas Supreme Court Governor Landon was himself accused of exercising unauthorized legislative power. A law passed and approved by Governor Landon in 1933 authorized the Governor of Kansas to extend for a period not exceeding six months a preexisting moratorium given by the legislature on mortgages if in the Governor's judgment the necessity therefor still existed. The Governor proclaimed an extension, but the Supreme Court on January 6, 1935, said: "We conclude that what the Governor was delegated to do, and did attempt to do, was legislative in character and that such delegation of legislative power was entirely unauthorized under our separately constitutioned functions of government, and was therefore unconstitutional, void, and inoperative."

But the mortgage-foreclosure situation was acute, and the failure of relief because the Governor exceeded his powers did not end the problem. The Governor and legislators tried again. On February 28, 1935, Governor Landon approved a measure which extended the time of redemption from mortgage-foreclosure judgments, applying to judgments already rendered as well as to future judgments. The court rendered a decision on December 7, 1935, setting aside this act as unconstitutional. The majority of the court thought that Governor Landon and the legislature had made an assault upon the court's power; the judicial power was perhaps being "flaunted," to borrow from the vocabulary of the Cleveland platform builders. The dissenting opinion was by Justice Harvey, who seems to play in Kansas the role that Justices Stone, Cardozo, and Brandeis play in Washington. Justice Harvey came to the aid of the mortgage-redemption statute and flayed the majority of his court, saying: "Neither can I give my consent to the view, which appears to dominate the opinion as written, that judicial action is so much superior to legislative action. Just as sometimes happens with persons who occupy other governmental units, those of the court occasionally acquire an exaggerated opinion of their own authority or power."

"Vested rights" is a symbol to which the judiciary has shown almost Oriental devotion. It is rarely held, however, that a public group or body has any vested rights, and it is still more rare for an Executive to invade the vested rights of a public group. However, on March 24, 1933, Governor Landon approved a statute authorizing the county to charge back to various taxing districts their prorated share of taxing-district funds, lost in a bank failure when a depositary had been closed several years before. This statute was challenged and held unconstitutional by the court as being "retrospective in its application, and therefore the vested rights of the defendants are invaded and infringed."

Citizens of Wyandotte County, in which Kansas City is located, had complained to the Attorney General and the Governor that the criminal laws were not being enforced. Legislation approved by the Governor provided for a special grand jury and a special prosecutor. The law also provided that the compensation of the special prosecutor should be paid in whole or in part from costs taxed against persons convicted on indictments found by such grand jury. This provision applied to no other county of the state. The penalty against persons convicted on indictments found by this particular grand jury would therefore be greater than the penalties against the same persons for the same offenses would have been had these persons been indicted by a regular grand jury and prosecuted by the regular county prosecutor. The court held that this provision was "a plain denial to convicted persons in Wyandotte County of the equal protection of the law afforded to all others in their situation within this state and guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment." And what was more serious, the majority of the court went on to affirm that "this manifest constitutional infirmity" vitiated the whole statute. Thus the constitutional blunder in the statute signed by Governor Landon cost Wyandotte County its special law-enforcement machinery.

One of the rocks upon which some of the New Deal legislation split was the time-honored judicial doctrine prohibiting delegation of power. An act duly approved by the Governor of Kansas on February 8, 1935, authorizes county commissioners to devise methods to stop soil drifting—specifically to order lands subject to erosion "to be cultivated, plowed, furrowed, sowed, planted, handled, or cared for." If the farmer didn't do as he was told, the commissioners were authorized to name an indi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vidual to "go upon all such lands for such purpose and to assess reasonable charges for such service against the land in controversy." The law also required the board to prescribe rules which must be complied with by the farmer. The court held this to be a "clear delegation of legislative power and of power to legislate on a matter which is not local and which is forbidden by the constitution"; and it prohibited the county commissioners from acting upon the ground that they had been trying to prevent soil erosion without lawful authority. Thus ended another costly lesson in constitutional law. The Kansas farmer found that the courts held his problem to be local when the federal government attempted to solve it, and not local when the state attempted to do so.

In reviewing this record of laws struck down by the Kansas Supreme Court I am not concerned with the motives or the statecraft of Governor Landon. When legislation reaches the courts, neither good motives nor sound policy saves it. The strange parallel in the experiences of these two Executives in attempting to make economic, financial, and general-welfare policies meet the requirements of the courts does pose a serious question as to whether the legalists are not intruding technical and obstructive rules of legal philosophy where they do not belong. Both the Kansas record of Governor Landon and the speeches that he has made during the campaign indicate clearly that he has nothing to contribute to the solution of this problem.

The Pope Needs America

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

II

THE instrument with which the church hopes to conquer America is Catholic Action. The present Pope has defined it as follows: "Catholic Action is nothing else than the apostolate of the laity under the leadership of the bishops." Michael Williams in "The Catholic Church in Action" states that "primarily, Catholic Action . . . may be described as both the *intensification* and the more highly organized *collective* direction of the apostolic mission of the church to the world, built upon the 'participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy.'" E. Boyd Barrett defines it thus:

> Catholic Action is best described as the new phase of Catholicism. . . . In theory, Catholic Action is the work and service of lay Catholics in the cause of religion, under the guidance of the bishops. In practice it is the Catholic group fighting their way to control America. . . . In medieval times the church gained supremacy in various countries through her influence over nobles and soldiers. Today she aims at the old supremacy by mass action of her organized subjects and by systematic penetration of various groupings.

Barrett's description of Catholic Action is a satisfactory one if we apply two corrections. In his reference to medieval times he neglects to indicate the economic basis of the church's supremacy, namely, its vast land holdings. Secondly, he speaks of the aim of the Catholic church—to regain its quondam supremacy—as if this aim were achievable in the present era. The church cannot turn back the clock of history, the late Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc to the contrary notwithstanding. It can only defend itself by becoming a staunch ally of capitalism, whether the latter takes the form of bourgeois democracy or fascism.

In America, then, Catholic Action is working systematically to permeate the life of all Catholics. Christ instructed his apostles to go forth and teach all nations. The Catholic laity is ostensibly organized for a crusade to intensify Catholicism, to further the spiritual and material aims of the church. For this purpose the church has its Knights of Columbus, Holy Name societies, Catholic alumni organizations, Catholic Youth clubs, Newman clubs in the universities, guilds for doctors, writers, actors, and nurses. It has a powerful formal and informal apparatus of education, and it even fights bitterly to force the appropriation of public funds for the assistance of private —read Catholic—institutions. Through such papers as the *Catholic Worker,* which offers saints and radical phrases to the proletariat, it bids for stronger support from the worker. Its journals now reflect plans for the conversion of the Negro, whom it has long neglected, in order to neutralize his radical and revolutionary potentialities. The church commands a fighting press, manned by militant mediocrities of the type of Michael Williams and Father Talbott, S.J. It has organized the Legion of Decency with ten million members—and this organization is able to dictate to supine producers in Hollywood what the American public, including its millions of non-Catholics, shall see in motion-picture theaters. It lobbies against child-labor laws on the theory that such laws would give the state control over the child, who according to the will of God and natural law belongs to the Deity, the parent, and the parish priest. It attacks the dissemination of birth-control information. In some of its organs, notably *America,* we occasionally find expressions of anti-Semitism which might well have emanated from Nazi Germany. Likewise the Catholic press conducts a consistent and continuous red-baiting campaign, which is supplemented with speeches by prominent Catholic laymen and clergymen. This theme dominated the recent convention of the Holy Name Society in New York City. The alumni of Notre Dame University are now planning to add bolshevik hunts to college cheer-leading as an occupation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for adults who have never fully grown up. Meanwhile the church demands of President Roosevelt that he interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico. In a recent issue of *America* one Thomas S. Hunter writes:

> The Mexican issue is not a Catholic issue, it is not a politico-religious issue; it is a fundamental issue in which our own essential liberties are involved. If freemen, irrespective of creed and color, fail to respond to Rome's appeal, Mexico will perish, and we who have stood by impassive and watched her agony, will we escape?

Here is an open call for intervention. But where was Rome's appeal to "freemen" to halt Mussolini's invasion of Christian Ethiopia? What effective policies did Rome introduce to achieve liberty and social justice in Spain? What did the church ever do to alleviate the abject poverty and complete illiteracy of the Mexican peons?

Since this is the formal role which Mother Church is playing and seeking to play in America today, it is pertinent to summarize her apologetics. I have already suggested the biblical justification of Catholic Action, the command to the apostles to go forth and teach all men and all nations. Further, the church contends that since the disruption of the feudal and medieval era materialism has been growing in the world. Today neo-paganism has gained such a foothold that it threatens civilization unless the spiritual forces of Christendom, guided by the firm hand of the Pope and led by the church, organize to stem the tide. Today the world suffers grievously from the heresy of materialism, which generates a false science. This causes class war, irreverence for authority and order, and immorality. And further, materialism as a heresy has become organized in the movement known as communism, which operates from Moscow, the red Rome. Communism persecutes religion and gloats over the murder of priests and nuns. It promotes atheism and class war; it threatens to destroy liberty and disrupt the family. Coeval with its threat to the family is its attack on private property. Private property is an institution justified by natural law. Its defense was framed in the writings of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Evil does not flow from the institution of private property or from the profit system which is constructed upon it, but is the result of the failure of those who own private property to make the right use of it. Thus the solution of the economic problems of the world is not socialism, which places the ownership of the means of production in the hands of the proletarian state. Rather, it lies in the employer's acceptance of a moral obligation to give his employees a just and fair wage.

In America the church now insists that it accepts democracy and asserts that the Constitution of the United States must be defended. And who is to be its defender? That 100 per cent American institution, the Roman Catholic church, whose Pope lives in the Vatican and is always Italian and whose College of Cardinals is also preponderantly Italian. The entire structure of the church is antidemocratic. Its theology is dogmatic. It permits no error, no deviation in conduct, and it carries its dogmatic control to the extent of maintaining a papal Index of Books. The church insists that it accepts the principle of the separation of church and state. The Dogma of Papal Infallibility, which was log-rolled into acceptance in the last century over the arguments and protests of the more intelligent Catholics, gives the Pope final authority on matters of faith and morals, and it holds that on such matters the Pope cannot err when he speaks *ex cathedra*. The only catch is the fact that faith and morals manage to become intermingled with political and economic questions. While the church professes belief in the separation of church and state and in liberty of conscience, it insidiously attempts to eat up the state and organize conscience within the framework of an unrelenting set of dogmas. The democratic pretensions of the church are a front and a heresy. They will be used as long as they are needed, and when they become cumbersome, they will be Jesuitically refined, refashioned, and placed on file in the Vatican until they are again needed.

In its appeal to proletarians, many of whom are nominally or actually its religious subjects, the church is beginning to assume pseudo-radicalism. Up to now Father Coughlin has served well on this front. His doctrines of social justice are indubitably modeled upon the famous encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI. However, Father Coughlin is an out-and-out, acknowledged fascist, and in his paper, *Social Justice*, he is even now beginning to speak favorably of the new Germany. A Catholic priest as a fascist leader in a preponderantly Protestant country is too much for the Vatican. But Father Coughlin has expressed the ideas and sentiments of the famous "red paragraphs" of the encylicals issued by the present Pontiff. To quote Pius XI, "The immense number of propertyless wage-earners on the one hand and the superabundant riches of the fortunate few on the other are an unanswerable argument that earthly goods so abundantly produced in this age of industrialism are far from rightly distributed and equitably shared among various classes of men." Hence there is a need of social justice. The laborer must be worthy of his hire. The rich must not abuse their gifts and goods. "Every effort must be made that at least in the future a just share only of the fruits of production be permitted to accumulate in the hands of the wealthy and that an ample sufficiency be supplied to the workingman . . . Entirely false is the principle widely propagated today that the worth of labor and therefore the equitable return to be made for it should equal the worth of its net result. Thus the right to the full product of his toil is claimed for the wage-earner. How erroneous this is appears from what we have written above concerning capital and labor." This last is obviously an attack on Marxism.

As Adam Smith has said, there is a lot of ruin in any system. There remains a lot of ruin in American capitalism. There remains a lot of ruin in world capitalism. The policy of the Catholic church is to intrench itself in that ruin. In a world on fire the policy of the church is to ally itself both with God and with those who have economic power. The church must retain its income from America. And it must remain on good terms with American capitalism. The Holy System of Profits and the Holy Ghost are lining up side by side to save what privileges they can in an era of worldwide decay.

[*Mr. Farrell's first article appeared last week.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's appointment of three members of the new Maritime Commission has for the moment stopped severe criticism of him by the shipping men who are eager to get their feet into the Treasury trough and receive their share of the subsidies which the commission is to ladle out. They cannot understand why he has waited so long, since Congress adjourned, to pour the money into their pockets; all of them are, of course, bitterly critical of the Administration's relief expenditures, its pampering of the workless, and its boondoggling. Just as soon as the government makes payments of sufficient size, our shipyards will become beehives of activity; new ships will be laid down, and every available old one will be driven as fast as possible over the seven seas. At last a great national maritime awakening! At last the sleeping American giant is aroused to reconquer his rightful heritage—leadership on the sea!

All of which means simply that Uncle Sam has been stuck again and now, with the taxpayers' money, is to keep on their feet an industry and a trade which cannot support themselves unaided because they are without adequate experience and ability, and because the economic need and opportunity are not there. With our world trade still only a fraction of what it was, we are to build a lot of new ships for which, save in the Atlantic trade, there are no demands and no cargoes; so the Treasury is to meet all the deficits and the owners are to take all the profits, if and when. Long a Republican proposal, beaten in Congress by Democrats and independent Republicans year after year, this unprecedented departure in government policy was put through by the President and a Congress which hardly debated the measure. Never before have tonnage subsidies been even considered. The reasons they have been decided on now are, first, the army and navy demand for a reserve of transports for the next war—although we have renounced war and the President assures us that all our arming is merely to defend our territory and our coasts; second, national pride in showing the flag everywhere; third, a false belief that if we don't have our own carriers we are at the mercy of foreigners and are regularly mulcted—which our past history wholly belies; fourth, a desire to get away from the scandalous and disgraceful mail-subsidy system under which we paid in one case something like $300,000 to send four pounds of mail to Europe; fifth, the desire to keep the shipyards at work and the ships' crews busy.

So we are entering a world merchant-marine race as vicious as the naval race and equally productive of bad feeling among the nations. The competition is no longer among individuals, a matter of private initiative and enterprise, but among governments. The new Russian merchant fleet is government-owned, and the German fleet is sustained and directed, at a heavy loss, by the Hitler government. Mussolini pours out funds for new and old Italian ships. France builds and succors its Normandie and keeps the chief companies alive by meeting their deficits, however great. And finally the British government, long bitterly opposed to any government aid, now subsidizes tramps on a small scale, builds the Queen Mary and plans her sister ship, and will soon, if it listens to the shipowners, bar all foreign ships from trade between one British or colonial port and another, just as we permit no foreign ship to carry passengers or cargo from San Francisco to New York. Which government has the largest surplus to meet the deficits? That is the chief question. It is needless to add that our great capitalists who damn the Roosevelt Administration for its interference in private business have only praise when it holds the bag for our shipowners. That, they say, is the proper function of any government—to keep its hands off when the masters of capital are earning big profits and to make up the deficits by tariffs and direct doles or loans.

I am not at all sure that in the years to come this yielding to the outright subsidy grabbers will not be pointed to as one of the most wasteful and disgraceful acts of the New Deal. It is creating more vested interests, more businesses with the government as a sleeping partner—keeping its eyes closed to nepotism, waste, inefficiency, and corruption but always meeting the deficits. This is no mere borrowing of fears. This is actually what has happened every time the government has gone into the subsidy business—witness the Pacific Mail Steamship Company scandals of the last century and the aviation scandals which drew Mr. Roosevelt's fire early in his rule. Thanks to government aid, while pilots were inadequately paid for risking their lives, the "bankers, brokers, promoters, and politicians," as Senator Black put it after his investigation, "were allotting among themselves the taxpayers' money" and making fortunes, besides receiving in some cases salaries of $200,000 a year.

Of the new appointees on the commission, one is a rear admiral of the navy and the other a rear admiral of the Coast Guard. The permanent chairman has not yet been selected. Everything will depend upon him and his associates—whether the system will be efficiently administered, whether the operators will be held up to the mark, whether the seamen will get a square deal, and whether they will be deprived of the right to strike, as the operators think they are deprived by the act. The President would do well to pick a man as upstanding, forceful, and well-equipped as Senator Couzens of Michigan, unfortunately now defeated for reelection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE NATION'S POETRY CONTEST

The Men That Are Falling

BY WALLACE STEVENS

(Nation Prize Poem)

God and all angels sing the world to sleep,
Now that the moon is rising in the heat

And crickets are loud again in the grass. The moon
Burns in the mind on lost remembrances.

He lies down and the night wind blows upon him here.
The bells grow longer. This is not sleep. This is desire.

Ah! Yes, desire . . . this leaning on his bed,
This leaning on his elbows on his bed,

Staring, at midnight, at the pillow that is black
In the catastrophic room . . . beyond despair,

Like an intenser instinct. What is it he desires?
But this he cannot know, the man that thinks,

Yet life itself, the fulfilment of desire
In the grinding ric-rac, staring steadily

At a head upon the pillow in the dark,
More than sudarium, speaking the speech

Of absolutes, bodiless, a head
Thick-lipped from riot and rebellious cries,

The head of one of the men that are falling, placed
Upon the pillow to repose and speak,

Speak and say the immaculate syllables
That he spoke only by doing what he did.

God and all angels, this was his desire,
Whose head lies blurring here, for this he died.

Taste of the blood upon his martyred lips,
O pensioners, O demagogues and pay-men!

This death was his belief though death is a stone
This man loved earth, not heaven, enough to die.

The night wind blows upon the dreamer, bent
Over words that are life's voluble utterance.

Collapse of Time

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

(Special Mention)

Mills closed, doors shut, windows empty
Except for stones; mills closed, doors shut, dispelling
Wanderers, some or none to hear
Gnaw of machines again.

Ducks flew in vain to the drained marshes. Crows
Crossed, drought cropped, a starved and lowing pasture.
Here greed was changed to devastation,
At last to a fixed conceit of fear.

Climate changed: cut woods, loosed floods
Ravaged the valleys; distant storms
Accumulated dust in tall cities.
The ancient cupola'd capitol topped

By a silent elevation of steel girders,
Minium-painted giddiness, from which all men
Were gone; all work stopped; the noonday sun
Was dusk'd to red by dust-clouds.

Streets rose, strikers rioted. Was one who sat
Transcolored by his own failure, though starving
White and whole with rage, under
The air-pawing horses of descending

Law, a long age of disinherited terror before
The clubbed skull rolled in torment. Brute
Hoof-beats clattered about the empty square.
Corpses sprouted from dead clothes on pavement
stones.

The contemplation of all action waits
On opinion. We are governed in our own despite
But by our own disorder. Dissemblers
Deceive us with our own words.

Time does not lack for instruments of torture.
Interpreters attain hysteria. Men are voices.
The lately spat-on, become our tyrants,
Punish both the faults of the blood

And blood running. Our new Caesar is crowned
By old newspapers. Look closely! You will see
His oppressive scepter has been rolled
From a revolutionary manifesto.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CREATIVE MUDDLE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN A fit of irritation Mike Gold once denounced W. S. Gilbert as little better than a fascist ahead of his time. He may have been thinking of the anti-egalitarian sentiments expressed in "The Gondoliers" or perhaps of the irony implicit in the picture of a democratic navy as it is presented in "Pinafore." But in either event he was, in a way, paying the librettist a compliment which he did not deserve, for the truth of the matter is that Gilbert hadn't the slightest idea what he was, and that, in all probability, he would have ceased to write with such sprightly perverseness if he had ever been able to find out.

It is true that he was, in politics, a nominal Conservative, but that appears to have been chiefly because he happened to be a member of a Conservative club, and it is hard to imagine how the various references to the hereditary aristocracy in "Iolanthe," for example, could have gone down any better at the Carleton than the passages to which Mr. Gold objects would have gone down at the Reform Club. Unable to make up his own mind, Gilbert was constantly in that state of mild irritation which is a priceless boon to the professional satirist. Personally he would have been unpopular in any society, and he continually hit his audience in unexpected places because he was continually getting hit himself in exactly the same ones.

Fortunately, moreover, it was not only on the subject of politics that he was completely muddled. His attitude toward questions affecting morals and manners was equally confused, and consequently he was driven to the refuge of wit, no matter what subject he chose to treat. Consider, for example, a fact recently pointed out—namely, that the rhyme he most frequently employed (fifteen times) was the rhyme of "beauty" with "duty." Here is material for a psychoanalytical field day that would not be wholly without justification. The sense of the antithesis and the inability to escape from the horns of the dilemma it presents were responsible not only for Gilbert the man, who could neither stop flirting nor be guilty of an indecorum, but also for Gilbert the humorist, who continually satirized Victorianism without for one moment ceasing to be a Victorian. He was not so pure as his collaborator, Sir Arthur, who solemnly expressed the opinion that one of the greatest glories of music was the (alleged) fact that it was incapable of suggesting an impropriety. If he had been, then he could hardly have been witty about the flesh. But he was never more than witty because it was only when impropriety was subtly veiled in wit that he would consent to be improper at all.

What a pity that he had no consistent point of view! So at least a thousand earnest souls have exclaimed when they seemed to discover in his nonsense a reformer *manqué*. If only the sturdy republicanism of "When Britain really ruled the waves" were not nullified by the Tory perversity of "There lived a king so I've been told"; or if the promising misogyny of a dozen songs and situations were not taken back in an equal number of languishing Victorian ditties. But a Gilbert sufficiently integrated to be downright would in all probability have been a Gilbert who had no need to express himself through the ambiguities of wit. He might possibly have done more good, but I doubt whether his paradoxes would still be drawing crowded houses.

Bernard Shaw, I suspect, owes almost as much to those inconsistencies which become increasingly obvious and which are increasingly charged against him. Even Mark Twain—Van Wyck Brooks notwithstanding—seems to me to have been forced into being funny largely because he too was so imperfectly integrated a person, and before I can wish that he had been freer and better educated I should like to consider very seriously such a *mot* as the well-known "Wagner is not so bad as he sounds." Had Mr. Clemens been a thoroughgoing philistine he would never have made a dutiful pilgrimage to Bayreuth in the first place. Had he been an ideally sensitive and ideally cultivated gentleman he would probably have written an essay in defense of Wagner—of which there are already in existence a sufficient number for all practical purposes. But because he didn't know well enough where he stood to commit himself unequivocally he evolved a pleasant quip which is safely open at both ends.

Someone, I don't know who, once defined wit as "the kiss given to common sense behind the back of respectability." Its charm lies in the quickness, the unexpectedness, the ambiguity, and the impropriety of the smack as well as in the adroitness of the technique with which the occasion is snatched. The bold rake is not funny at it, and neither is the sex-reformer who dutifully busses the maid before his wife and assembled guests just to prove that freer manners are desirable for society. It must be done by someone who isn't sure whether he ought to do it or not, and Gilbert was in the perfectly delightful position of not knowing whether conformity or unconventionality was his lawful spouse. Fearfully he seized every occasion to kiss each behind the back of the other, and no matter which one he happened to be wooing at the moment he was always careful to explain to the spectators that he was only fooling, after all.

The result may have been a certain dissatisfaction with himself. He was apparently serious in the belief that his sentimental plays were much the best of his work, and once, toward the end of his life, when someone asked him if he were not proud to have made a fortune out of his brains, he replied that the fortune had been made not out of his brains but out of the folly of the British public. The fact remains, nevertheless, that it is not the business of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The autobiography of an ace

Sagittarius Rising

by CECIL LEWIS

He was an ace flyer at the age of 17, a Senior Flight Commander at 20, and a barnstorming aviator in China at 22. His is a life story of thrills in the air such as has seldom been told, for it gives an unequalled picture of war and adventure aloft. A book not only of high excitement, but, because of the quality of its writing, of poetry and wisdom. $2.50

Kay Boyle's

new novel

DEATH OF A MAN

The most mature and moving novel by this gifted writer. With its Austrian background, its tragic characters it is reminding some people of "The Magic Mountain." "She is a born artist, at once a poet and a narrator of high rank."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Miss Boyle writes a better prose than most of us find nowadays. . . . It is a prose that comes to be read for its own sake, and we derive our pleasure from its superb dictions."—*N. Y. Times* $2.50

Ferdinand Schevill's

HISTORY of FLORENCE

" 'History of Florence' is one of the finest pieces of creative scholarship. . . . It is not only a chronicle, both balanced and lively, of Florence from its germination; it is also a treatise on art, politics, religion—a critical evaluation of such diverse and radiant figures as the misunderstood Machiavelli, the Medicis, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Savonarola, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Dante, and Petrarch. Here are the struggles between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines—the rise of humanism, the life span of the Florentine republic."—*Sterling North, Chicago Daily News.* Illustrated, $5.00

CARL SANDBURG'S

The People, Yes

It is a joke book, but every one of the jokes is more than a joke. It shows that the people, even where they do not read, have a traditional wisdom as profound as that of the books, comprised in sayings and anecdotes. It is, perhaps, really a novel with several million heroes set off against an equal number of fools and nondescripts. It is an inquiry around the question of who and what were the people meant by Lincoln in his phrases—"of the people, by the people, for the people." $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCEMENT

TO EVERYONE INTERESTED IN MODERN ART

A new method of supporting the best American artists and making their paintings available at a low price to all art-lovers

ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION

PEGGY BACON
AARON BOHROD
LOUIS BOUCHÉ
GUY PÈNE DU BOIS
WM. J. GLACKENS
WILLIAM GROPPER
GEORGE GROSZ
YASUO KUNIYOSHI

THE SENATE . . . WILLIAM GROPPER © 1936, Living American Art Inc.

ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION *—continued*

RICO LEBRUN
REGINALD MARSH
JOHN SLOAN
RAPHAEL SOYER

THE JURY

LOUIS BOUCHÉ
ALEXANDER BROOK
ADOLF DEHN
HUGHES MEARNS

THIS WEEK there opens simultaneously in over two hundred and fifty places throughout the country — in museums, colleges, art centers, private schools, libraries and other institutions — the first public exhibit sponsored by Living American Art.

These nationwide exhibits mark the inauguration of an enterprise, which holds the most fascinating possibilities in the practical encouragement of American Art.

What Living American Art Is

Living American Art is an organization designed to carry out two purposes: First, to provide a means by which adequate and continuous economic support may be supplied to artists through the sale of reproductions of their work. Second, to give an opportunity to art-lovers, no matter how modest their means, to see and become thoroughly familiar with the most significant painting being done by American artists today; and more than this, if they please—to live in their own homes with those which appeal most deeply to them; to own them in large-sized reproductions *indistinguishable in color and line from the original.*

How This Plan Is Carried Out

Almost every American artist so far approached (and when the plan proves its practicability it is confidently believed there will not be a single exception) during the past year has been submitting his best work to a small jury of distinguished artists and art critics, assisted by an Advisory Board of museum directors, educators and others.

The jury, every three months, will select twelve paintings from those which have been submitted. The original paintings are sent abroad, to Vienna, to a small plant where color-collotype reproduction processes, under Max Jaffe, have now been perfected to a degree not comparable anywhere else in the world. The paintings are reproduced in facsimiles 18 x 22 inches in size. The work is done with the most extreme care; for instance, with the first twelve paintings now exhibited, work has been going forward in Vienna for the past eight months.

The complete set of each twelve pictures are to be exhibited simultaneously in museums, art centers, colleges, schools, libraries and other institutions throughout the country. There will be four such exhibitions throughout the year. Thus, continuously and nationally, all those who are interested in modern art will be able to view and to become familiar with the choicest work being done by American artists.

Five Dollars For Each Picture

More important than this, when they so please they will henceforth be able *to own* the best examples of modern American art—to enjoy their favored pictures in their own homes. Unframed, the pictures will be sold for $5.00 each.

This fine reproduction of modern paintings means that now it will be possible for every sensitive art-lover to acquire his own collection of the choicest American paintings. In no respect, other than that of monetary value, need his collection be inferior to that of the wealthiest collector of the best American paintings.

Originals, naturally, will continue to have that monetary value which derives from rarity. But no greater æsthetic values. For these color-collotype reproductions are absolutely faithful in color and line to the original.

Only 1000 Of Each At Present Available

Only one thousand copies of each painting have been ordered and are now available. This is especially mentioned with those in mind who may wish to acquire at once one of these paintings for his own home or for use as a Christmas gift, forehanded as that may now seem.

Incidentally, aside from the inherent value of the pictures, there is little question that an additional "collectors' value" will accrue to those at present being exhibited, like that of the first edition of a rare book,—since this is the first presentation sponsored by Living American Art.

EXHIBITIONS BEING HELD OCTOBER 19TH TO 31ST

—At places below from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. (unless otherwise indicated)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
324 University Hall
116th Bet. B'way and Amsterdam
New York, N. Y

•

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
515 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
(from 12 A.M. to 6 P.M.)

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Room No. 221
International Bldg., New York, N.Y.
(Also Open Evenings)

•

LIVING AMERICAN ART, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
write us for nearest local exhibit

BROOKLYN MUSEUM
Eastern Parkway, B'klyn, N. Y.

•

PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
170 Joralemon St., B'klyn, N. Y.
(from 9 AM. . to 5 P. M.)

•

NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Washington St., Newark, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wit to be satisfied; it is his business to be amusing. And does anyone really prefer "The Mysterious Stranger" to "Innocents Abroad" or Gilbert's "Broken Hearts" to his "Iolanthe"?

BOOKS

The City Culture

A WORLD I NEVER MADE. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

STUDS LONIGAN was tough and lived most of his life in the streets of Chicago. Danny O'Neill is sensitive and seven, just beginning to go to school in "A World I Never Made," which takes him from August of his first school year to Christmas. He is not sensitive in the manner of Studs, appealing, defiant, and ashamed, but in the manner, say, of David Copperfield and other bewildered children in fiction. If Danny is more intimately studied than most such children it is because Mr. Farrell goes with so much candor into a whole range of seven-year-old feelings, speculations, inquiries, discoveries which are common to experience but rare in novels. Most such children are seven in their novels for a chapter or so. Danny is seven for five hundred pages.

His world, naturally, is his family. He does not live with his father and mother and his half-dozen small brothers and sisters, but with his aunt and uncle and grandmother. This gives Mr. Farrell a chance to show the family as two levels: the parents barely able to feed their children, the aunt and uncle decidedly better off. The individual members of the family are sharply distinguished. Danny's mother Liz, an annual mother too shiftless to wash her face, yet has specific touches of spunk and hypocrisy. His father Jim, the most moving character in the book, now wishes he had stayed longer in school, knows he is swamped with children, and yet doggedly hopes and expects that they will have an easier life than his. Uncle Al O'Flaherty, shoe salesman, thinks he likes to read, conscientiously enlarges his vocabulary, and is sure business will be better next year. Aunt Louise, who works in a hotel, is dragging out a violent, unsatisfying affair with a married man, drinking gin for consolation. The grandmother might almost still be living in a smoky hut in Ireland. But all of them have an unmistakable family resemblance—something hard to define in actual families and harder to communicate to the characters of a novel. Whether they look alike or not, the O'Neills and O'Flahertys feel alike. The same intonations, the same sentimentalisms, the same habits of furious quarreling and sudden making up. You would know they were a family by their quarrels. Only close relatives could go through them and ever forgive.

With historical irony Uncle Al says at the end: "Just think, in twenty years from now, 1931, say, why, everybody in America who's worth his salt ought to be rich by then." This irony is one of the few touches of commentary in the book. The characters seldom think or talk about matters larger than their immediate concerns. Business, sport, sex are their topics, with moral platitudes for all of them. They live by settled custom, even when they violate it. Nobody really questions it. As Mr. Farrell tells their story, they move as by instinct through the experiences of these months. They have consciences which, without always keeping them from what they know is misbehavior, continually haunt them. Their consciences make up nearly as much of the story as their acts. This helps to give to "A World I Never Made" that habitual tenderness which is quite as characteristic of Mr. Farrell's novels as their toughness. Easily multiplying endless incidents to show his characters in action, he sees them, feels through them, and thinks around them. He has an extraordinarily capacious mind which holds the persons and events of a novel as if they were, somehow, in solution, to be poured out in a full stream in which his own share as narrator may be lost sight of. You forget that you are seeing this life through the eyes of a selecting novelist. It seems merely to be there before you.

A point I have not seen made about Mr. Farrell is that he is, among novelists, the truest historian of the American city culture. The part of Chicago he writes of is a self-centered Irish community and is of course Catholic. But it might be any of the poorer parts of any large American city. It is intensely urban. Its people do not go to the country and, at least in this novel, seem not to know that the country exists. City streets are enough for them, with a few vacant lots for boys to play in. They have from their churches a sense of tradition in religion, from their schools a little knowledge of American history. They read little besides the newspapers. The men get exact information about sports from the papers, the women about fashions. For the rest, they read miscellaneous news items as so much gossip and get muddled ideas about current happenings. In their own quarter of the city they live as parochially as the people of any peasant village. But the city is after all close around them, setting its examples. Those who prosper dress smartly, by city standards, though they may not speak grammatically. The wits of all of them are sharpened and quickened by the city tempo, the city pressure and variety. They would seem fox-like if they were not so gregarious, with a working uniformity in their habits and opinions. In other words, they have a city culture.

American fiction has neglected this city culture, though with the rise of city populations it becomes increasingly important. When novelists want to represent communities they go to the country, to New England, the Old South, the Middle West. They go to the cities for exceptional materials, like gangsterism, wealth, fashion, the arts. Many novels as have been written about New York, the overwhelming majority of them deal with spectacular matters, and not ten of any merit with those ordinary parts of the city which are more or less like small towns or villages. And this is equally true of other cities. Mr. Farrell seems to me to go beyond any other American novelist in his knowledge of the common life of an American city and his understanding of the city culture.

CARL VAN DOREN

Making of a Communist

AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT. By Joseph Freeman. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

WHAT Mr. Freeman has set down here, in a bulging narrative of ideas and personalities and events, lacks much that belongs to the art of writing at its best: order, discipline, proportion. It rolls out and over, and against such a devouring tide the author himself is helpless. But it contains much that any record seeking to be an interpretation, one might almost say an initiation, must contain. Here are perspective and point of view; here is what Bagehot called an experienc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing nature; here, finally, is ardor without fanaticism. Mr. Freeman has used a lot of space to say things in, and used some of it wastefully; but one closes the book chiefly remembering that Mr. Freeman has had a lot to say.

What he has said above all is How I Came to Be a Communist. To do this soundly, and also honestly, he had to throw himself back into the past, to relive all the experiences that helped shape his decision, to revive all the emotions, all the thought processes, all the shadings of doubt and belief that shuttled him about as well as carried him forward. And he has done this, with what seems to me a capacity for getting at the truth that it would be difficult to overpraise. More, he has treated his theme from several angles, each of them indispensable—from the subjective angle, from the philosophic, finally from what might be called the historical, by which I mean the nature of American and European social life in the decade following the war. This is very definitely the story of a man in relation to his times.

If—and I think it is true—Joseph Freeman came in the end to communism as an intellectual, he also *grew* into it through a class-conscious upbringing which conditioned but did not distort his view of life. Not that it was the idea of self-interest which fetched him: I doubt whether his development owed much to his being a poor immigrant's son who may not always have had enough to eat. But it owed a very great deal to his growing up in a working-class neighborhood, to his being fed radicalism, when still a child, by the older brother of a playmate, to his lapping up the old *Masses* in adolescence. All this was an early and vital lesson, something to recur to mind even after one outgrew it by virtue of a bourgeois education and a conversion to bourgeois manners: it was distinctly something to recur to mind after the disillusioning lesson of the war.

For an earnest fledgling studying at Columbia, the lesson of the war was to be had from the academic cant that enveloped him, from the writers whom he trusted turning renegades, from the explosion of the Wilsonian myth, which he had partly accepted. And as Freeman grew older, there were other lessons. There was the sour-smelling memory of Greenwich Village bohemianism, the blank page of a newspaperman's drifting life in Paris, the delirious pulse of the auto-intoxicated 1920's. Freeman took the measure of all this, simultaneously watching American labor, with its strikes, its setbacks, its efforts to unionize; simultaneously becoming acquainted with American radicals and American writers of every complexion and color. His Communist leanings increased, crystallized.

The climax of his experiences was a year in the Soviet Union. He met almost everybody; he studied almost everything. There is no attempt in these pages to subdue his admiration for all that he temporarily became part of; but still less is there any attempt to conceal the things that were wrong in the picture, to justify the mistakes, to interpret disingenuously the shortcomings. Nor, I should say, is there any attempt to generalize: he, Freeman, knew what he wanted and found it.

Soviet Russia did not make a Communist of him; rather it left him certain of his communism. The decision had really been made earlier. The decision, indeed, had been implicit in most of his previous reactions to experience. "An American Testament" is not the story of a man who came belatedly to communism, or came rebelling against his temperament, or came—in the bitterness of dejection—to save his precious soul. The book, to my mind at least, has less to do with the resolution of a conflict than with the completion of, as it were, a career; though it would be misleading to suggest that no conflict existed. For Freeman had to adjust himself in two directions: he had to scrap or transform that part of him which by education was antagonistically bourgeois; and he had to establish a sound relationship between the political thinker in him and the artist. In neither case was the struggle easy, nor perhaps the victory altogether complete; but by and large the fact remains that here was a man naturally fitted for communism.

Though the central theme of this book has carried me far down the page, I must not stop before making clear that here is also a detailed picture of an era in American intellectual life and an autobiography of a writer. In both undertakings Mr. Freeman, whose style is pungently personal, has had much that is interesting to say; and by embarking upon them he has kept the Communist angle of his book from becoming shrill. But the literary side of "An American Testament" has been too indiscriminately thrown up, and at times too indulgently prolonged, to be worth quite all the space it receives. Mr. Freeman's gusto has saved his story from anywhere being a bore, but has failed to save it from seeming trivial at times, and even irrelevant. The book, frankly, is too long, the material too undisciplined. It seems to me that Mr. Freeman had at the outset to choose between describing—in full, of course—his social development and describing his total self. He chose to describe both; and by letting the book carry him wherever memory lighted he has cost himself the powerfully focused, strongly fibered effect that he might have achieved. For the material was there, and the ability to set it down. But it is not often that one can cavil at excess; that may indicate, at least, how interesting and valuable a book Mr. Freeman has written.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Perspicuous Opacity

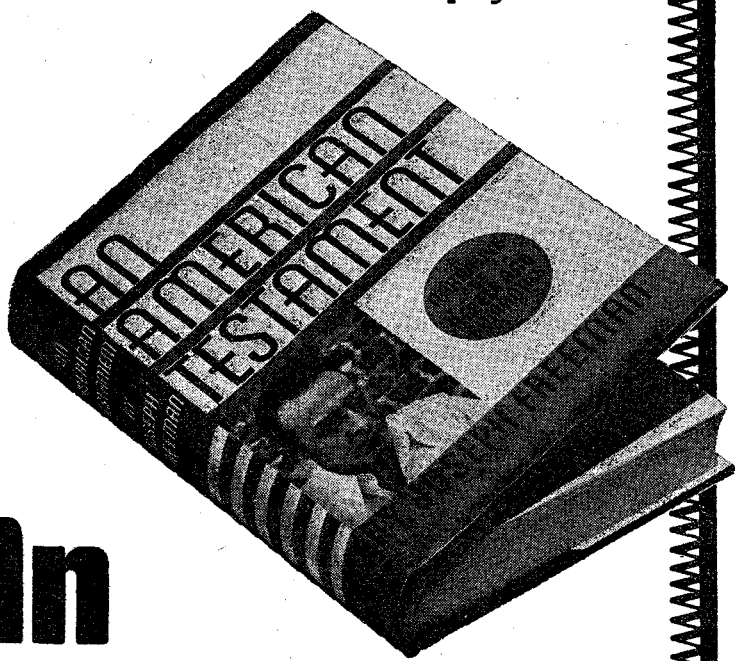
THE GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA, OR THE RELATION OF HUMAN NATURE TO THE HUMAN MIND. By Gertrude Stein. With an Introduction by Thornton Wilder. Random House. $2.50.

GERTRUDE STEIN has a theory that the American has been influenced by the expansiveness of the country and the circumstance that there are great areas of flat land where one sees few birds, flowers, or animals. There are no nightingales, she says, and the eagle is not the characteristic bird it once was; whereas "the mocking-birds . . . have spread . . . and perhaps they will be all over, the national bird of the United States"—one ambiguous significance which she makes unequivocal. We owe very much to Thornton Wilder for giving us the clue to the meanings in the book, since the mind resists a language it is not used to. Realizing the laziness of the ordinary reader Mr. Wilder explains that Miss Stein, as a result of thinking about masterpieces of literature, found that in them the emergences of the Human Mind were dependent upon the geographical situations in which the authors lived—flat land conducing to the ability to escape from identity, hilly land conducing to the specific and the insistent. The Human Mind and Human Nature, as he says, are here "invented terms" of a "private language," — the Human Mind being selfless and without identity, Human Nature insisting on itself as personality; and "it cost pain to express and think these things." Therefore sadness and tears are mentioned as connected with Human Nature and the exterior trudging we do, as opposed to felicity and the operations of the Human Mind. When an author writes as if he were alone, without thought of an audience, "for an audience never does prove to you that you are you,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A truly great book!

THE absorbing autobiographical story of the growth of a young poet, philosopher, editor and militant liberal . . . A fascinating record of dramatic events . . . as rich and vital a biography of a man as *The Education of Henry Adams.* 678 pages, $3.00.



An American Testament

A NARRATIVE OF REBELS AND ROMANTICS

by Joseph Freeman

Glowing: "It is that much-desired, often described, but so rarely encountered work—an autobiography which is both critical and creative . . . full of color and searching appraisal. The whole thing is not only a testament but a glowing document."
—*Louis Untermeyer.*

Interesting: " . . . certainly interesting and important document, written with conviction, clarity and color. I know no better portrait of the 'making of a communist' in our literature . . . "—*Waldo Frank.*

Vivid: " . . . a vivid description of an important group in a crucial period."
—*Irwin Edman.*

Fascinating: " . . . a fascinating STORY of people, ideas, institutions, and history..."
—*Mrs. Robert Minor (Lydia Gibson).*

Magnificent: "His magnificent exposition is one of the greatest things I've ever read . . should be mandatory reading for every American writer who believes that writing is more than amusement, either of self or of others."—*Paul de Kruif.*

Engrossing: "Not only has Freeman written an engrossing personal narrative of life in New York, but he has succeeded in tracing the evolution of a radical in a way which will explain both the currents of modern thought and the frenzied screams from Mr. Hearst's editorial pages."—*Robert Forsythe.*

Grand: "It is a grand book and I hope it has the reception it deserves. I read every word with absorption."—*Carl Van Doren.*

Exciting: " . . . exciting record of the growth of a mind. His story—a poet into revolutionary—will help anyone to understand the processes that are remaking American life and literature."—*Granville Hicks.*

Moving: "It has the stuff of an important personal narrative—simple, modest, crystal clear, detached, and in many passages, moving and eloquent."—*Max Lerner.*

Indispensable: "I have had a very exciting time with it. This is, I think, an indispensable book for the understanding of why so many middle-class intellectuals go radical these days. Freeman's narrative proceeds, not only in a most absorbing and readable fashion, but with a sincerity and honesty and, above all, an absence of rancour that is rare in these times."—*Corliss Lamont.*

Important: "The story of the found generation. It is not only a personal history which is tremendously and generally interesting, but an important and a good book."
—*George Seldes.*

FARRAR & RINEHART
232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is this which makes a masterpiece. "Anyone who writes anything is talking to themselves," not conversing, "and that is what Shakespeare always has done, he makes them say what he wants said," and is "everlastingly interesting."

Miss Stein likes naturalness. "Nothing I like more," she says, "than when a dog barks in his sleep"; and in giving lectures here, her attitude to pretense was calculated to make those who overanalyze a piece of straight thinking seem like the milliner's assistant in *Punch* who asks a dull patron, "Would Modom entertain a feather?" She says, "I like to look about me," "I love writing and reading." In looking about her she has detected things; in science, "well they never are right about anything"; excitement "has to do with politics and propaganda and government and being here and there and society"; the electioneering politician "has no personality but a persistence of insistence in a narrow range of ideas" and is not exciting; whereas science is exciting and so is writing. Miss Stein says, "I wish writing need not sound like writing," and sometimes she has made it sound so unlike writing that one does not see at first what is meant. Looking harder, one is abashed not to have understood instantly; as water may not seem transparent to the observer but has a perspicuous opacity in which the fish swims with ease. For example, "There is no doubt of what is a master-piece but is there any doubt what a master-piece is."

To like reading and writing is to like words. The root meaning, as contrasted with the meaning in use, is like the triple painting on projecting lamellae, which—according as one stands in front, at the right, or at the left—shows a different picture: "In China china is not china it is an earthen ware. In China there is no need of China because in china china is china." Definitions are pleasurable, and words can fall sweetly on the ear:

> I like a play of so and so.
> Loho Leho.
> Leho is the name of a Breton.

"Winning is a description of a charming person," and "the thing about numbers that is important is that any of them have a pretty name. . . . Numbers have such pretty names in any language."

It is a feat of writing to make the rhythm of a sentence unmistakable without punctuation: for example, "When they said reading made easy reading without tears and someone sent me such a beautiful copy of that," or "No one knowing me knows me. And I am I I." In a real writer's experimenting there can be an effect of originality as one can achieve a kind of Venetian needlepoint by fitting into each other two pieces of a hackneyed pattern of peasant edging.

"The Geographical History of America" is offered as a detective story—"a detective story of how to write," making use of the political situation in the United States, with allusions to the two Roosevelts and the two Napoleons—and is not propaganda, which is platitude. A detective story is a conundrum, and this one has "content without form" and is "without a beginning and a middle and an end"—Chapter I following Chapter II, and Chapter III following Chapter II. The repeatings and regressions are, as Thornton Wilder says, sometimes for emphasis, sometimes a method of connecting passages, sometimes a musical refrain, sometimes playful. And, one adds, sometimes a little inconsiderate and unaccommodating and in being willing to be so, partake of Human Nature rather than of the Human Mind. And "nobody need be triumphant about that." But the book is a triumph, and all of us, that is to say a great many of us, would do well to read it.

MARIANNE MOORE

The Gentleman of Shalott

TIME AND THE ROCK. PRELUDES TO DEFINITION. By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE will to die may generate great poetry, but the continuous pose of dying is boring and morbid. Any poem must resolve some conflict stated or implied. Eliot knew this when in his poems of irresolution he used the dramatic "blackout" at the end of a scene having implied connections with another scene. Poetry, in other words, cannot be a continuous "prelude to definition"; it must, if only for the moment, define. This is just what Mr. Aiken's poetry does not do. It is a continuous prelude—but to what?

Aiken is master of a tired verse music, master too of phrasing suggestive of the flow of a weary mind. He is never shoddy, never technically bad. But he is not an important figure in American poetry. He may be, as has been said, the first poet to discover the Wasteland. Certainly he is one of a number of disillusioned singers who have made much of their disillusionment. But Aiken is a lyric poet. He did not dramatize and impersonalize the Wasteland scenery and consciousness. Eliot did, and Eliot, therefore, became the poet best expressing his own generation. Aiken meantime sang of himself and of his own ennui. Like the Lady of Shalott he wove from pictures in a mirror, looking at himself against a vague background of clouds, moons, and trees. In the mirror he saw himself romantically as one of the lost generation, saw the old dreams of romanticism, strangely dimmed and doubted. He looked at himself and he tied his tie and he sang that man was the greater for his crimes. Through confusion only, he wrote, man was able to know the "angel of his consciousness."

The mirror did not break; reality did not rush in. Aiken, after all these years, is still the gentleman of Shalott. He is a mystic and his absolute is hopelessness. Such an enfeebled stoicism as his takes comfort from beauty, purity, and love, is charmed most by its own poses. Aiken's "man in a world of doom," participator in the crime of God, "the seeker of the self amid the ruins of space," is in truth Byron's man the rebel. But a Byronic rebel must act, and Aiken's romantic despairer cannot act. Nor can he feel, though he, like the aesthetes of the nineties, believes that the high emotional moment only can be seized and felt. Not acting and not feeling, Aiken's protagonist wanders like a ghost in the "large unconscious scenery" of the poet's land.

The vague, melancholy thoughts of this poet affect of course his language. Musical as his lines are, they are almost never incisive or easily remembered. His imagery suggests but does not define and is in constant flux. Just what it suggests it is impossible to state. It is a kind of dream, a flow of consciousness not represented as discontinuous, as in Eliot's dramatic monologues of the mind, but as continuously becoming something else.

Philosophically Mr. Aiken is saying nothing new. He is trying to argue that mind is matter, matter mind. He believes Godhood lies in man himself and that awareness is Godhood if it is only an awareness of hopelessness. He sings of ghostly individualism dreaming while Rome burns. Prelude after prelude in this book is a beautiful but monotonous slow music "with a dying fall," but it does not die. Each of Mr. Aiken's poems seems to suggest another poem. Therefore he writes voluminously, though the same emotional associations and poetic ideas appear in all his poems. He is caught in limbo. If Mr. Aiken's poetry has changed at all, it has moved toward greater vagueness, toward a mysticism wherein the poet finds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On November 6th
The Viking Press will publish
the most remarkable literary discovery of our time

The complete edition from the original manuscript, lost for over 150 years, containing the most interesting and intimate passages, previously deleted. An important first edition. $5
Numbered, limited edition . . $25

JAMES BOSWELL'S
Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides
with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

STEFAN ZWEIG

The clash of two strong personalities, Calvin and Castellio; the conflict of two eternally warring ideas, Authority and Liberty: this is the subject of the latest volume by Stefan Zweig, greatest living biographer. Readers of *Marie Antoinette* and *Mary Queen of Scotland* will find in it the same warmth and depth of character portrayal that marked these two great works. And *every* thinking modern will find in this exciting story implications of burning, world-wide significance today
Illustrated. $3.00

THE RIGHT TO HERESY
Castellio against Calvin

D. H. LAWRENCE

These, all the essays and papers unpublished at the time of his death, stand as the testament of an extraordinary mind. $3.75
(Boxed with the *Letters*, 2 vols. $7)

PHOENIX
The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence

A NEW EUROPEAN DISCOVERY

K. A. MEISSINGER

In this imaginative story of the ancient East in the days of its great awakening, a man, his ideas, and his spirit find adventure. A brilliant contribution to world literature. $2.50

DIVINE ADVENTURER

THE VIKING PRESS
18 E. 48th St., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comfort in one affirmation—that all is lost. To be the Eternally Lost is a kind of divinity.

Once the theme of complete disillusionment has been sung or stated by a writer, that writer has really nothing more to say. Eliot left his Wasteland for religion; others have left it for revolution. But for Aiken the Wasteland is a pretty place; it is his mirrored world where he may see dim delights, not too dark despairs, and mirages of man's supposed greatness. Preludes to dying, without dying, are this poet's sweetest music.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Testament of Von Bernstorff

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BERNSTORFF. Random House. $3.50.

IN THIS volume Count Bernstorff reviews his entire life. He tells of his eight years' service in the German artillery and of his extraordinarily rapid rise in the diplomatic service—he jumped from consul-general in Egypt to ambassador in Washington—and describes again his fateful years in the United States, of which he had already written at length in his "My Three Years in America." Beyond doubt he is in a far happier position to discuss his service in Washington than he was in 1920, when he published his earlier book. There doubtless are some Americans who will go to their graves believing that Count Bernstorff wears horns and a tail, but the unbiased student of events will agree with Colonel House that Count Bernstorff was "the one man in Germany who occupied a great office during the war who had an understanding of the situation not only during the war but later, during the trying period of reconstruction."

Though it is not possible to give Count Bernstorff an entirely clean bill of health so far as the underhand and entirely improper and illegal acts of the German emissaries in the United States are concerned, Colonel House was quite correct in writing to him in 1926: "If Germany had followed your counsel a different story might be written today." Three times Bernstorff prevented the outbreak of war between the United States and Germany. He really loved this country, was never so happy as when here, and he knew what our coming in would mean. Being a democrat, he earnestly desired a peace in accord with Wilson's famous proposals of January 22, 1917 ("no victors and no vanquished"). He was correctly called "pro-American" in Berlin, for he was utterly opposed to almost all the policies of Berlin from 1914 on.

The Count's bitter disappointment when the peace negotiations of 1916-17 fell through, when Wilson delayed too long the offer of mediation locked in his desk, and when the idiots in the Berlin government finally refused it after more of their double-dealing, is set forth again in this volume. The failure to make peace then certainly gave us the Treaty of Versailles, Hitler, the new and worse Germany, the other dictatorships, and all the other evils flowing out of the peace which the victors wrote.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of this book is the Count's considered judgment of Woodrow Wilson which he wrote down nineteen years after his return to his Fatherland —he refrained from judging the President in his earlier book. Here it is in part:

> The man who wanted to be *Arbiter Mundi* was shattered by the magnitude of his task. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, Wilson saw the Promised Land, but he did not reach it. The world applauded his purpose over much, and then passed too harsh a judgment on his want of power to carry it out. . . . His obstinate dogmatism and his inclination for solitary work made him little suited to foreign politics. Internal questions can be solved by a theorist from his writing table, if he has gone into them with proper care, but foreign affairs can only be mastered in actual practice. Eloquent orations can sway a nation and convince a parliament, but they are of little use when the interests and the armed might of foreign powers are vigorously engaged.

The Count vigorously defends Wilson from the charge that he betrayed Germany at Versailles and stresses the fact that Germany was responsible for our coming into the war by its failure to accept the services Wilson offered. And he adds that "without Wilson's intervention the great powers at Versailles would have deprived us of the Rhine and the Saar. And if the Saar territory is German today we owe that entirely to Wilson." He lays Wilson's physical breakdown to the struggle for a compromise with the French.

As for the Germany of today, the Count feels that "the best that we can hope for our poor Fatherland is a democratic monarchy." He who worked so hard for the modernization and democratization of Germany after the war feels that "all such hopes have been engulfed by dictatorship, which admits of no development." Speaking of a visit to an orthodox monastery in Finland, "where the monks themselves provided for all their own needs," he remarks bitterly, "From what I hear today, I gather that Hitler and Schacht would like to reduce the German people to a similar level." He thinks the end of the revolution of November, 1918, "is by no means yet." Again he writes that a German "policy that is not guided by moral considerations will find no mercy before the tribunal of world history, though it may achieve a passing success." It is very much to the Count's credit that he makes it clear that he is absolutely opposed to anti-Semitism. He says: "I have always detested anti-Semitism, not merely because in the course of a long life I have had many loyal and trusted Jewish friends, but because as a politician I see in anti-Semitism a weakness and one that I have always regarded as involving the sin against the holy spirit of politics."

Finally, it must be added that this worth-while volume contains many letters of genuine historical worth; some written by Bernstorff himself, others written to him after his return to Germany and during his service as ambassador at Constantinople by Count Monts, Bülow, Bussche, Haniel von Haimhausen, Von Jagow, Prince Max of Baden, and others. Unfortunately the book is not as well translated as it should be, the phrasing being often stilted and Teutonic. There are also some inexcusable errors. Thus, Wilson's January 22, 1917, speech is dated January 1; a letter of Count Monts of 1922 is dated 1912; Ernst Hanfstängl becomes Hanfsstaengel in one place and Hanfstaengel in another.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Pitiless Christ

THE RIGHT TO HERESY. CASTELLIO AGAINST CALVIN. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.

WHEN Calvin went to Geneva in 1536 in the same month that Erasmus died, two ideologies were preparing to dispute control of the civilized world, as two others prepare today. The future leader of Protestant Europe was born in 1509, eight years before Luther nailed his theses to the door at Wittenberg. Although educated at the orthodox college of Montaigu, together with Loyola and Servetus, who also were to figure in the great impending struggle, Calvin espoused Protestant views and was obliged to flee from France

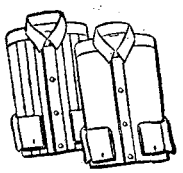
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET A NATION-WIDE CONSUMER ORGANIZATION ADVISE YOU

which brands are best buys

. . . ELECTRIC SHAVERS

How do electric shavers compare with ordinary safety razors in the closeness of the shave, in freedom from irritation, in the time consumed in shaving, and in other important factors? For a comparison based on actual tests read the report on electric razors in the current (October) issue of *Consumers Union Reports,* monthly publication of Consumers Union of United States. Of three nationally-advertised makes, including Schick and Packard, only one is rated as a "Best Buy"—the others as "Not Acceptable." (*Note—this report is not included in the* $1 *limited edition.*)



. . . MEN'S SHIRTS

Will unadvertised shirts selling at less than $1 wear as well as widely-advertised $2 brands? How do they compare on such points as shrinkage, color-fastness, and ability to withstand laundering? These and similar questions are answered in a report on men's shirts based on wear and laundry tests and on fabrics and construction. *In terms of brand names,* ten brands of shirts are rated as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable." Also rated are nine brands of work shirts. Included in these ratings are such brands as Arrow, Van Heusen, CD, Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, and Sweet-Orr.

. . . HOW TO BUY AND USE FUEL

"Stick to stove coal and avoid trouble . . . buy #2 oil, #4 is too heavy for your type of burner," say many fuel dealers in response to queries about the most suitable types or grades of fuel. What do heating engineers say? *How To Buy Fuel* in this issue will tell you how to buy anthracite or bituminous coal, coke, or fuel oil—will show you how, by careful selection of coal and by skillful firing, you may be able to cut your fuel bill 20% to 25%.

. . . GINS, BRANDIES, CORDIALS

The second of three reports on liquors—the first of which dealt with whiskies, the third of which will deal with wines—this report rates 43 brands of gins, brandies, rums and cordials. Among these brands are Gordon's, Hildick's Hennessy's, Gilbey's, Milshire, Fleischmann's, Anchor, Martell's, Laird's, Old Mill, Charley's, and Rum Carioca.

. . . TOOTHPASTES and POWDERS

Based on chemical and physical analyses and on investigations by *unbiased* authorities, a report in this issue tells which dentifrices are safe; which are injurious; whether powders or pastes are better, and what scientific bases there are for the claims made by dentifrice manufacturers. Fifty brands of dentifrices, including such widely-exploited brands as Pepsodent, Squibb's, Forhan's, Iodent, Ipana, Colgate and Dr. Lyon's, are rated.

Also rated in this issue—on the basis of tests by *unbiased* specialists—are many brands of canned peas and apricots and other products. The labor conditions under which many of these products are made are also described.

COMING IN NOVEMBER . . .

The November issue of *Consumers Union Reports* will report on radios, vacuum cleaners, wines, fountain pens and other products.

CONSUMERS UNION OF UNITED STATES . . .

Published monthly by Consumers Union of United States—rapidly growing, non-profit membership organization of consumers headed by Professor Colston E. Warne, of Amherst, Arthur Kallet, co-author of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs,* and D. H. Palmer—*Consumers Union Reports* now go to nearly 15,000 members throughout the country, a number increasing at the rate of over 2,000 a month.

These *Reports*—with ratings, *in terms of brand names,* of competing products and other information helping you to save money and to buy intelligently—PLUS A YEARLY GUIDE to be published late in the year, are available at the low fees of $3 and $1 a year.

(The $1 limited edition of *Consumers Union Reports* contains much of the material included in the $3 edition but in an abridged form. It is intended primarily for those whose income restricts their purchase to low-priced essential products. It does not include reports on such things as automobiles, oil burners, etc. The $3 edition covers both types of products.)

By using the coupon below you can immediately secure a copy of the current issue.

IF YOU WISH your membership to begin with a previous issue, please note the month on the coupon.

Leading reports in past issues (complete editions) were: toilet soaps (May), automobiles (June), refrigerators (July), oil burners, hosiery (August), shoes, tires and whiskies (September).

CONSUMERS UNION OF UNITED STATES, INC.

To: CONSUMERS UNION of U. S., Inc.
22 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

I hereby apply for membership in Consumers Union. I enclose:

☐ $3 for one year's membership, $2.50 of which is for a year's subscription to the complete edition of *Consumers Union Reports. Subscriptions without membership are $3.50.*

☐ $1 for one year's membership, $.50 of which is for a year's subscription to the limited edition of *Consumers Union Reports. (Note—the electric razor report is not in this edition.)*

☐ I also enclose ..... ($2 to $25) as a contribution toward a permanent consumers' laboratory.

I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

Signature .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Occupation .....

NO

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPRETAX BULLETIN

(CAPITAL-RELIEF-TAX)

Increasing Frequency of Depressions

Industrial depressions were not frequent in the United States while frontier land was cheap and the volume of taxation was light. But as the tax burden became heavier, and all unused land on the frontier and elsewhere was taken up into speculative holdings, grave economic changes occurred.

Self-Bankruptcy of System

Under the new conditions, which came to prevail, widespread bankruptcy is frequent and automatic. The most outstanding element in this picture is "frozen paper" based on inflated ground values. Ground rents and the purchase cost of land are a mounting charge on industry as a whole; and until these costs are deflated, no revival of business takes place. But renewed industrial activity leads to re-inflation of ground values in city and country, followed by a new deflation.

Vanishing Frontiers of America and Britain

Seven million (7,000,000) acres of unused land in Britain were "appropriated" by the aristocracy, through Parliamentary Acts, between 1700 and 1850. In the meanwhile, British ground rents increased one thousand (1000) per cent.

A like process took place in the United States, where western frontier territory and all unused land in the nation was absorbed into speculative holdings by the beginning of the present century (1900).

Labor, Capital Exploited

Wholesale grabbing of land by the British aristocracy drove small farmers and field hands off the soil into the industrial towns, where the resulting over-supply of labor led to competition for work, thus holding wages down.

British capital, in city and country, alike, had to pay ground rent and taxes prior to wages; and under these conditions, the purchasing power of the masses remained below the point where British labor could buy the equivalent of its toil and keep British industry in motion. Hence, as ground monopoly solidified, and the tax burden became heavier, British capital entered upon active search for outside markets.

Economic Problem and Marxism

The "Communist Manifesto" of Karl Marx appeared in 1848; and his volume "Capital," written in London, was published in 1867. British industry was now completely gripped in the economic vise of ground monopoly and taxation.

The chief dogma of Marx was that Labor is exploited through private ownership of productive capital; and the main plank in his platform was the well known demand for public, or collective, or common ownership of "the machinery of production and distribution."

A correlative Marxian dogma was that the modern Parliamentary State represents the triumph of the capitalistic class, the "bourgeoisie," over the landed nobility.

Ground Monopoly Seen Too Late by Marx

Stimulated by the "Communist Manifesto" and the first edition of "Capital," the socialist-communist movement rapidly acquired form and momentum on the basis of the dogmas mentioned above.

But in the meanwhile the author of "Capital" continued to investigate economic problems; and after his death, a new edition of "Capital" was published, with appended matter left by Marx under the significant heading *"The Expropriation by which the Country Folk were Divorced from the Land."*

This new section about land monopoly, however, was put into the book too late to become an organic part of "Capital." And, in fact, Marx never understood the double pressure exerted upon productive industry by ground rent and the fiscal power of the State. His posthumous emphasis upon land grabbing, therefore, has never caught up with his early dogma about the monopoly of capital.

Modern State a Compromise Between Land and Capital

The standard pattern of the modern legislative State originated in Britain during the period when land-grabbing reached its climax (1700-1850). The ground lords reluctantly admitted the bourgeoisie to parliamentary power on condition that the mounting fiscal burdens of England and Scotland be laid upon capital and its products, instead of upon the value of land in city and country. *The exempted rental values therefore became an increasing liability upon industry, over and above taxes.*

Hence, the modern parliamentary State does not represent the victory of the bourgeoisie over the landed nobility, as Marx claimed. But on the contrary, the modern State is a compromise between the social prestige of Land and the economic energy of Capital.

Confusion and Readjustment

Today's confusion will persist as long as the world-wide economic issue is pictured as a mere conflict between "Labor and Capital," or between "Communism and Fascism."

But the stream of current history is gradually shifting its course. Marxist elements find themselves under constraint, for the time being, to act with bourgeois progressives against the menace of complete reaction. And in the meanwhile the compromise between Land and Capital, which, in Britain, paved the way toward the modern parliamentary State, is in process of reversal: The British constitution is amended so as to abolish the tax-veto of the House of Lords (the citadel of ground monopoly), thus concentrating governmental power in the House of Commons; and it is only the presence of a "rentier" majority in the Commons that prevents, for the time being, the inevitable transfer of tax burdens from productive capital to ground values, improved and vacant, in city and country. The tax issue, now looming throughout the world, is not simply a revenue question; it is the problem of the fiscal power of the State as an instrument of social change.

Free Reprint from "The Christian Century"

A free reprint of an article by Louis Wallis in The Christian Century, entitled *"The Economic Problem and the Earth,"* can be obtained by sending your name and address, plainly written on a post-card, to Willett and Clark, Publishers, 440 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

Another Opportunity for You

More information about the development of modern parliamentary government; the pending reversal of the compromise between Land and Capital in Britain; and the economic problem in general can be obtained from a little book—

SAFEGUARD PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL

(*reading time, one hour*)

By **Louis Wallis**

75 cents from your local bookseller, or

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO.
Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Switzerland. He stopped at Basel, a favorite refuge for persecuted scholars and theologians, and from this safe point surveyed the situation. The walls of Catholic supremacy and infallibility had been breached, but those who remained within the walls were still one church and indivisible, whereas their assailants, the Protestants, were divided into numerous sects. He determined to unify the Protestant sects, to crystallize their doctrine, and at the age of twenty-five wrote and published one of the most influential books the world has known, his "Institutio Religionis Christianae," "the most important deed of the Reformation after Luther's translation of the Bible. . . . Luther, the inspirer, set the stone of the Reformation rolling. Calvin, the organizer, stopped the movement before it broke into a thousand fragments."

From the publication of this book Calvin was accepted as the leader of the Reformation, and in the following year he was invited to Geneva by the Town Council on the suggestion of Farel, a preacher whose fanatical devotion had succeeded in getting the Catholic religion banished from the city. Farel, of whom Erasmus said, "never in my life had I seen so presumptuous and shameless a creature," had been able to rouse the people to overthrow the old order, but was unable to organize a new and called in Calvin—who promptly submitted to the Town Council a catechism of twenty-one articles which defined Protestant belief and formulated the laws of the state. He persuaded the council to require all burghers to accept this confession under oath. The slightest deviation in belief was punishable by banishment from the communion. No one could sell to the burgher thus banished, or buy from him, or speak to him. Calvin, in brief, became supreme dictator of the city. After a taste of his rule the council rebelled and banished him, but as during his absence the Catholics took heart and tried to reestablish their church, the council soon begged him to return, and from then until his death he endeavored with iron rule to make Geneva a city of God and a model for the Protestant world. The most trifling deviations of thought and conduct were savagely punished, and finally Miguel Servetus, a Spanish scholar, was roasted to death over a slow fire because he questioned the Trinity. Zweig is at his best in his account of the cold fury with which Calvin hounded the Spaniard to his terrible death.

With the murder of Servetus, Castellio, a lecturer at the University of Basel, perceived the slaughter that would ensue if the Reformation started to match the burnings of the Inquisition, and published, under the name of Martinus Bellius, "De Haereticis," a manifesto on behalf of toleration, following it later by another polemic, "De Arte Dubitandi." He would have paid for this temerity at the stake, if, worn out by Calvin's persecution, he had not had the luck to die first. Mr. Zweig gives a scholarly, moving, and extremely pertinent account of the great tragic drama played out by the man of iron and the man of light.

The Reformation had arisen on the heels of the Renaissance, that awakening of the individual mind after centuries of confinement in dogma. Calvin put the mind in chains again. "Future generations will wonder why, after so splendid a dawn, we are forced back into Cimmerian darkness," Castellio cried in his vain effort to prevent a hundred years of religious wars and persecution. Although Mr. Zweig never expressly defines the modern instance, it is obviously always in his mind, as he traces the rise and course of dictatorship, that we stand today in the same place as Castellio—between two rival theocracies which punish heresy with death.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

I, a stranger and afraid,
In a world I never made.
A. E. HOUSMAN: Last Poems

A NEW NOVEL
BY THE AUTHOR OF
STUDS LONIGAN

"It is not only possible but rather easy to claim for this author FIRST PLACE AMONG AMERICAN PRESENT-DAY NOVELISTS."
A. D. EMMART—Baltimore Evening Sun

A WORLD I NEVER MADE

By

JAMES T. FARRELL

The Only Novelist Cited by THE NATION in Its Honor Roll

Your bookseller has only a limited supply of the first edition of this novel

516 pages • $2.50 at all bookstores

OTHER IMPORTANT VANGUARD PUBLICATIONS:

QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY *By Havelock Ellis*	**$2.50**
JEWS IN PALESTINE (Revised Edition) *By A. Revusky*	**3.50**
FACTS AND FRAUDS IN WOMAN'S HYGIENE *By Palmer and Greenberg*	**2.00**
STERILE SUN (Sale Restricted) *By Caroline Slade*	**2.75**
PRETTY BOY *By William Cunningham*	**2.00**
CONSUMER COOPERATION IN AMERICA *By Bertram B. Fowler*	**2.00**
OUT OF THE NIGHT *By Prof. H. J. Muller*	**1.50**
THE DEVIL THEORY OF WAR *By Charles A. Beard*	**1.50**
JOURNAL OF A YOUNG MAN *By Martin Delaney*	**2.50**

and, of course,

STUDS LONIGAN
By JAMES T. FARRELL
(1100 pages) **$3.00**

COMING:

On November 11 we shall publish THE BEST OF ART YOUNG, containing over 200 of the most memorable drawings by America's great and greatly loved cartoonist. ($3.00)

THE VANGUARD PRESS
424 Madison Avenue New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Poet in Prose

THE BURNING CACTUS. By Stephen Spender. Random House. $2.

THE WIND BLOWS OVER. By Walter de la Mare. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE five pieces collected in "The Burning Cactus" point the way backward from the order of Spender's lyric poems into the chaos out of which they emerge. If one elects to regard them merely as the prose exercises of a poet on leave of absence from his medium, they may be disposed of briefly. The poet's disciplines have a way of becoming the story-teller's indulgences, and it is clear that Spender, in common with most poets who turn to fiction, has taken the tools of his craft along with his sensibilities. He has given small evidence here of any taste for the blunter implements of the story-teller's trade. He prefers instead to liken the singing of nightingales to white-satin streamers, to note of one of his characters that "his dark clothes were a creeping fog encroaching on the fading tan of his sportsmanship," to enlist symbol wherever possible to do the work of statement out of sheer impatience with the labors of exposition. His methods fail by reason of their obliquity—and they are oblique everywhere the story-teller would be most likely to insist on hard outlines. Only one of the five stories, The Cousins, succeeds in conveying its information and achieving its effect; in the end The Burning Cactus, The Dead Island, and Two Deaths dissolve in their own images.

Whatever importance "The Burning Cactus" can claim, derives from the fact that it defines for us Spender's world in a way that we have not so far been permitted to see it in his poems. It becomes the principal function of these stories to measure, out of their failure, the censorship that Spender as a lyric poet has been compelled to exercise to escape the bankruptcy that engulfs him as an individual. The world of "The Burning Cactus" is a world of "the ever-drunks, the drug addicts, the people with sexual lives as complex as logarithm problems," lacking direction or identity, lost in the mazes of their sensibilities and contemplating the pageant of their ego; the themes fly apart in a barrage of random impacts and responses; and the language idles between prose and poetry in a fruitless effort to surmount the confusion it is reporting. It is by these very faults of craft, however, that Spender makes clear his unmistakable authority as a poet. His poems, rooted in the same unhealth and disorder, speak another language. It is their achievement to have pared away the decay that has submerged these stories and given to the burning cactus the odor, as well as the symbol, of death.

Characteristically, "The Wind Blows Over" begins in the dream world of delirium and ends among the tombstones of a parochial burial ground in the last "daylight steadily draining out of the church and dusk seeping in." Between lies a twilight milieu of fancy, horror, whimsy, and the macabre which is De la Mare's by right of faith and possession. Even when these stories do not actually traffic in bona fide wraiths, as in The Revenant, which concerns a visitation by the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe, or in magical sigils, as in The Talisman, concerned with an enchanted watch with a single hand "telling no hours, no minutes, no seconds even; only Time," they nevertheless carry within them a quality of dream and wonder whose magic is the more palpable for being engrafted upon commonplace situations. Few writers since Katharine Mansfield have sustained as saturnine a quietness in the narration of horror as the child's soliloquy, In the Forest, or carried forward the bold juxtaposition of pathos and hysteria of Physic. Among those engaged in the craft of fiction today, De la Mare has come closest to creating for himself a genre of the contemporary fairy tale in which fantasy wears the dress of our own day without affectation or seeming intent. Again, it is the poet who informs the story-teller; unlike Spender, however, De la Mare has not so far permitted his readers to discover where the one begins and the other leaves off.

BEN BELITT

A Lawrence Budget

PHOENIX. THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited and with an introduction by Edward D. McDonald. The Viking Press. $3.75.

THIS bulky volume of 852 pages is probably the last full book by Lawrence that we shall have. It is widely miscellaneous, with travel sketches, book reviews, and imaginative pieces, as well as essays on ethics, painting, religion, education, and other subjects which caught Lawrence's bright attention. At first it seems a disordered book, but it is really organic, owing to skilful, unobtrusive editing and the fact that Lawrence in his way followed a consistent line of thought. The many who have not read him may find parts of this volume difficult, yet there is enough of general interest and enough of Lawrence at his best and almost best to make this an influential book.

"Phoenix" is chiefly representative of what must be called Lawrence's philosophic side. Much of this is unfortunately lost in a mysticism that could be valid only to Lawrence himself. This is sometimes excusable in poetry (consider Blake as well as Lawrence) but not in the province of logic. It frequently hampers the effectiveness of Lawrence's message, as in the previously unpublished Education of the People; despite its analytic and destructive values the essay is weak positively because its solutions come from too deep in this personalized mysticism. But the philosophic side of Lawrence also has an easier aspect—common sense. A great deal of Lawrence's utterance that has been taken as prophetic is little more than his common wisdom. Consider Pornography and Obscenity, which is reprinted here; it is brilliantly penetrating in detail, yet its central argument against the suppression of sex in literature has usually been axiomatic to the citizen of the world. Its greatest value is in the expression: like most of the writing in this volume it makes the kind of reading that keeps your mind awake.

The largest section of the book, Art and Literature, contains prefaces and reviews. Lawrence's criticisms are biased but they go deep, turning up undiscovered bits of brilliance or grimly reporting hidden flaws. As early as the appearance of "In Our Time" he could admit Hemingway's gifts but with amazing clarity could also see him eventually becoming "a sort of tramp, endlessly moving on for the sake of moving away from where he is. . . . He wants just to lounge around and maintain a healthy state of nothingness inside himself, and a negation to everything outside himself." Sometimes the statements seem far-fetched, as when Lawrence is "certain that *some* of Shakespeare's father-murder complex, *some* of Hamlet's horror of his mother, of his uncle, of all old men came from the feeling that fathers may transmit syphilis, or syphilis consequences, to children." But in the main his probing seems as accurate as it is keen; it is interesting to read his estimates of such differentiated authors as Mann, Rozanov, Van Vechten, Verga, Dos Passos, Corvo, and others, and see him picking out the good and the bad; you couldn't fool him in these matters. This section has the longest single piece in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the book, a Study of Thomas Hardy. While this is really more about Lawrence than about Hardy, it nevertheless tells a good deal about the older writer, from a fresh line of approach, and about literature itself.

The principal value of Lawrence is poetic. He is a poet in the larger as well as in the expressional sense. This doesn't mean that he was a craftsman in verse or that he wrote "poetic" prose; it means above all that his writing had a third dimension where, as he would put it, things were "quick." "Phoenix" gives enough of this phase of Lawrence to be fairly representative of him. Most of his writing has a running fire of poetry through it, and this is found most effectively where it is most pure. Since this is a volume of prose it can be explained that Lawrence wrote some of the greatest prose in English and some of it is in this book. To select a specimen—you can find rich things at random—there is the description of Mercury Hill above the Black Forest, the tourists huddling together when a storm comes up; then, when storm-darkness begins to settle, "suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter." This Blakean figure, coming out of a previously "realistic" description, is typical of Lawrence's power to create and project an image, and incidentally it includes some Laurentian symbols. The best single piece in the book is the unfinished novel The Flying Fish, contrasting "the fatal greater day" of the dark races with "the fussy, busy lesser day of the white people." This fragment is one of the most important keys to Lawrence and one of the finest things he ever wrote. Like The Man Who Died (not reprinted in this collection), it was leading English literature into another domain. And like that story it gives a hint of what Lawrence might have done if he had lived. HARRY THORNTON MOORE

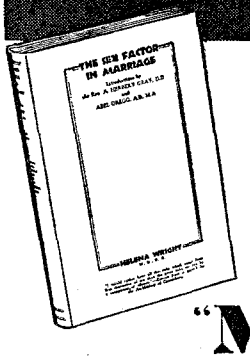
The Sadness of Mr. Hindus

MOSCOW SKIES. By Maurice Hindus. Random House. $2.75.

MAURICE HINDUS is well known for his articles, his travel books, his lectures on the new Russia. It should not surprise us that in his first novel he has chosen Soviet Moscow as the locale, or that Bernard Blackman, an American journalist, is the hero. Further preparation for what the book contains is written in a brief foreword. Mr. Hindus confesses that the setting of this novel is the critical period of 1929 to 1930, which followed the NEP, and warns us candidly: "To me it will always remain one of the saddest and most heroic periods of the revolution." I report that Mr. Hindus has sustained his sadness for over six hundred closely printed pages and that he has succeeded in writing one of the most oppressive first novels I have ever read.

Some further hint about the character of this curious document may be given by listing the chapter titles: Beginnings, Confusion, Love, Dismay, Tribulation, Trial, and, last, Reconciliation. Mr. Blackman, as we see at once, has a difficult road before him. As the son of Russian immigrants in America he inherits a revolutionary tradition; the new Russia offers hope for the satisfaction of his curiosity concerning an actual revolution. Throughout the book Mr. Hindus is extremely vague about the source of his hero's American experiences, which are always referred to as arising from "a prairie country," very

The SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE



By DR. HELENA B. WRIGHT

M.B.B.S.

Practicing Gynecologist in London

Over 60,000 Copies Sold

"MANY married couples . . . lack the right understanding and enjoyment of the sex-act itself. It is to help such people that this book is written. The writer wants to give such definite and practical information that no one after reading it can any longer be ignorant of the nature of the sex-act, or fail to know exactly how it should be performed."

"I have a high opinion of Dr. Helena Wright's SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE. *There is probably no better small manual in simple language for married people."* —*HAVELOCK ELLIS*

"Dr. Wright, from a scientific attitude and a wide practical experience of such cases, has written a most valuable and a greatly needed book. She writes without sentimentality or evasion, of the sex organs and the sex act. She explains the difficulties of sex intercourse during the honeymoon and after; gives actual and explicit information about the sensations of the sex act, the behavior of each partner in mutual stimulation, and of the climax, exhilaration and relaxation which should be found in it. She describes the variety and the perfection which may be aimed at in the art of love-making . . . a most valuable and greatly needed book."
—*The Journal* (England)

"This book contains very detailed information about the ways in which the physical intimacies of married life may be successfully and happily managed. It is addressed to those about to be married in the hope that it may save them from mistakes and sufferings which have darkened married life for thousands of couples."
—*From the Introduction by Rev. A. Herbert Gray, D.D.*

"THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE certainly represents a free, frank, simple exposition of the details of the technic for facilitating sexual harmony. Doctor Wright has written with dignity, honesty and authority. Her experience as a gynecologist, a missionary and a mother finds expression in her understanding of vital human relationships. . . . Thoughtful physicians will have numerous occasions to recommend this volume to those who desire intelligent guidance."
—*American Medicine.*

CONTENTS

Introduction to the English Edition
Introduction to American Edition
I. MARRIAGE: A SEXUAL RELATION
II. THE NATURE OF THE SEX-ACT
III. THE SEX ORGANS OF MEN AND WOMEN
IV. DIFFICULTIES
V. THE PERFECT SEX-ACT
VI. OTHER PRACTICAL ISSUES
INDEX

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE MALE SEX ORGANS
THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS: WORKING PARTS
THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS: SENSATION-PROVIDING PARTS

"We have no hesitation in saying that the book is by far the frankest and yet most refined of any written on the subject of the sex factor in marriage." —SHERWOOD EDDY, in *The World Tomorrow.*

FREE OFFER

Mail this coupon to your bookseller or to: N-10/24

THE VANGUARD PRESS, 424 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

Please send me a copy of THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE, in plain wrapper. I will pay $2.00 plus a few cents delivery charge, when the book arrives. I understand that if it is not entirely satisfactory, I may return the book within 5 days and the purchase price will be refunded. I agree to assume full responsibility for safeguarding the book from any improper persons or minors without their parents' consent.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

☐ *CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose only $2.00 with coupon, thus saving delivery charges. (Same money-back guarantee.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different, of course, from the kind of life he has chosen to live in Soviet Moscow. As Mr. Blackman arrives in Moscow, the great Soviet machine is having engine trouble; things are going wrong everywhere: old liberal leaders are deposed by Bolsheviks, the GPU is active, and the factory schedules are notoriously inefficient. Mr. Blackman consoles himself by falling in love with the wife of a Soviet official, and the lady reciprocates his melancholy affections. And quite as Mr. Hindus warned us in his foreword, the affair in exhaustive—and insignificant—detail is very, very sad.

Had Mr. Hindus condensed his book into a series of short sketches (I found his description of the Soviet cotton mill interesting), had he been less pretentious in giving us the full display of Mr. Blackman's loves, trials, and tribulations, we could have had a view of Moscow unobstructed. And best of all, he would have avoided writing a heavily worded, unprepossessing novel. Evidently Mr. Blackman went to Moscow to discover heaven, and found to his discomfort a Five-Year Plan. While I am willing to admit that in 1930 Moscow skies may have been gray, I believe that this particular adventure should have been called "The Journal of a Disappointed Man."

HORACE GREGORY

Under the Swastika

DEATH OF A MAN. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

KAY BOYLE'S new novel develops as far as it can go the theme of a short story in "The White Horses of Vienna." In both cases,a young Austrian doctor works secretly to further the cause of Hitler in the southern mountains, and in both cases there is the attempt on the part of Miss Boyle to hypnotize the reader into a state of what may be called mystical fascism. The icy art for which she is celebrated warms up as best it may to a contemporary and a social subject matter. So topical is she here, indeed, that many of her pages would be unintelligible to one not conversant with the foreign news. Hitler is never referred to except at two or three removes; he is "A," or he is the man with the lock of dark hair falling across his forehead, or he is the northern god whose voice comes with a miraculous deep sweetness over the radio at 7 p.m., but he is never called Hitler. So with Dollfuss and the Socialist massacre and the fascist putsch; these are fundamental in the narrative without ever emerging fully into the glare of direct statement. Always conspicuous for the detachment of her method, Miss Boyle now flings herself headlong into the stream of passing life and produces a "significant" novel.

The result, curiously enough, is a book very much like her previous books; for the gods of the North have proved after all to be her kind of material. Miss Boyle's special delight is the sort of human being concerning whom it is relevant to write like this: "He looked very clean in his white starched blouse with his black hair cleanly clipped in his neck, and the nails on his fingers a clear strong ivory white. . . . His spine was bent like a finger and he wore a little saddle of black silky hair across his skull. Around the seam of his perfectly lipless mouth and up the jawbone to the ears, the bristles were shaved blue and the rouge on his cheekbones bloomed in great dark concave roses, rakish symbols of dissolution worn with resignation on either side of the long mournful nose. . . . The two ladies [Jewish] smiled humbly, eagerly at him, the delicate black silk hairs of their moustaches just visible at the corners of their mouths. . . . Toni, with his good hat on and his town jacket and one leg swinging in the white woven stocking that ended just below the gold hairs on his small neat knee. . . ." There always has been and there still is something waxy about her people. They are clean, clever manikins, exquisitely carved out of perishable paste and decorated with doll's hair—hairs, rather, for each little bristle has its purpose and its place, and each of them is there to intensify our sense that the creature upon whose neck or chin or knee it is glued has nothing inside of him worth looking for. They are as empty as Easter eggs, and as incapable of getting up and walking off under their own power. There is to be sure an accompanying style which gives the illusion of incessant movement in Miss Boyle's world; but one hears it at last as the music-box which it is, tinkling expertly and monotonously while the little figures stare.

Not that Miss Boyle is without interest in emotions and convictions, and not that in the present case she fails to labor so that we too shall be moved. But the most she has ever been able to put into her creatures is a series of spiritual antics—little freezings and burnings which depend for their success with us not so much upon their rightness as upon her rhetoric. So here, where the dummy gods and the stuffed brown shirts of fascism furnish her so congenial a background. All that she can fill her doctor-hero with is a perfumed and airy diatribe against human reason. "Believe me it is not necessary to think, only to follow and believe. It is not necessary to reason, only to feel the blood moving and to know . . . even while the mind is shed as cowardice is shed, disdained like caution, the mind cast off and even the reason for it cast aside and the direction of the body not lost but weaving magically, like a trumpet call unwinding through the flesh, the destination not even questioned, residing as it does in every instant, every breath that's taken, NOW." Upon the success of such passages depends the success of the book as a whole; and their success, as I have said, depends upon the conviction which they carry. The brilliance of the landscape and the ability shown by Miss Boyle in the handling of certain plastic details are really irrelevant to this central question, my own answer to which is, I suppose, already clear enough.

MARK VAN DOREN

Life and Work of Stravinsky

STRAVINSKY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Simon and Schuster. $3.

STRAWINSKY. Edited and Designed by Merle Armitage. G. Schirmer. $5.

THERE are facts in Stravinsky's autobiography, but not all the pertinent facts; there are penetrating observations, but also this statement about Beethoven: "It is in the quality of his musical material and not in the nature of his ideas that his true greatness lies." This statement is incorrect. In his use of his medium Beethoven certainly is one of the greatest of artists; but the detail of substance and form in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony represents the working out of an "idea"—that is, an attitude, a personal vision or awareness of life; and it is as the embodiment of such ideas—or, in other words, by the way it performs its function as art—that Beethoven's music acquires its unique greatness and importance.

Stravinsky makes the statement about Beethoven because he does not want his own music to be judged by its ideas. In composing he sets out not to express ideas but merely to establish order and discipline in a purely sonorous scheme (these are his terms). Nevertheless, his music, no less than Bee-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoven's, represents the working out of an idea, of a personal attitude; only that Stravinsky's attitude is one that leads him, in writing prose, to state feeling itself with precisely calculated emotionlessness, and, in writing music, merely to establish an order and discipline in purely sonorous schemes. In other words, the triviality, the sterility, the ugliness of his more recent music represent the poverty of his spirit; the progression of his works records the process of its impoverishment, and he must deny the importance of riches.

Now the factual record, as I have said, is not complete. Stravinsky chronicles the composition of one sonorous scheme after another as though each were in line with the others; and it is not until almost the last page of the book that he even mentions the change in idiom that has alienated the great mass of his listeners ("I believe that there was seldom any real communion of spirit between us"). True, there has been reference to charges of sacrilege occasioned by his treatment of Pergolesi's music in "Pulcinella"; but he has not informed us of the factual basis for the accusations—has not told us that he, who has "always been sincerely opposed to the rearrangement by anyone other than the author himself of work already created," had introduced jazz glissandos into Pergolesi.

These factual omissions are important, for jazz glissandos in Pergolesi arouse a suspicion that Stravinsky's works have not arisen entirely from an austere preoccupation with order and discipline in sonorous schemes. And there is in fact a background for the changes in idiom and style—which he has omitted with studied sobriety, but which Constant Lambert has supplied with equally studied brilliancy in his "Music Ho!" This background, according to Lambert, was Diaghilev's attempt to hold the interest of fashionable Paris by creating a vogue for mere vogue with a series of maneuvers in which Stravinsky collaborated and for which he even supplied a formulation of principle: "Toute réaction est vraie." Among other things there were ballets in the post-war scrapbook taste—with settings, choreography, and music of different periods; with music that itself displayed a mixture of styles in melody, harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration—the jazz glissando in "Pulcinella," observes Lambert, being like the photograph of a Negro with a cocktail shaker pasted on an Alma Tadema reproduction. And even Stravinsky's austere neo-classicism was the last of his reactions for reaction's sake—the sensationalist's final sensation.

Merle Armitage's book, with its articles by Cocteau, Komroff, Satie, Vuillermoz, its reproductions of Picasso, Kandinsky, Merida, Elise, is part of the background Lambert has described.

B. H. HAGGIN

Mr. Santayana's Philosophy

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA. SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Irwin Edman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THESE selections, giving a quite complete exposition of the structural elements of Mr. Santayana's philosophy, will help reveal to the critical student why, not only for psychological reasons which relate a philosophy to a personality but for purely intellectual ones, the work of this master leaves one so profoundly dissatisfied.

A full elucidation of the grounds of dissatisfaction the reviewer cannot undertake, but he can sketch the main headings which would guide such a statement. Santayana has accepted as the groundwork of his moral vision of the world

SPECIAL SALE OF BOOK BARGAINS

UP TO 75% OFF FORMER PRICES

Offered by America's Oldest Mail Order House

These offerings by America's oldest Mail-Order Book House save you up to 75% of their regular retail price. Each book is brand-new in condition, stock-perfect, a permanent addition to your library. In many cases the quantities on hand are the last remaining stocks. All orders promptly filled and covered by our 52-year-old MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

1. DIEGO RIVERA'S MOST FAMOUS FRESCOES. Twelve prints in full color. Size 9 by 12 inches. Diego Rivera is universally recognized as the world's foremost fresco painter. When these prints were first issued, they were sold at FROM $5.00 TO $8.00 PER PRINT. *($7.50). The 12 Prints,* **$1.49**

2. WHILE ROME BURNS. By Alexander Woollcott. "A generous selection of his best horror stories, anecdotes, personal portraits, legendary tales and reminiscences." *Over 150,000 sold. Special Price:* **$1.29**

3. A Cyclopedia of Thoughts: THE NEW DICTIONARY OF THOUGHTS. Quotations, phrases, thoughts from the world's greatest authors, leaders, etc., both ancient and modern. Alphabetically arranged by subjects. *1936 revised, enlarged edition. ($10.00) Our Price:* **$2.98**

4. THE WELL OF LONELINESS. By Radclyffe Hall. *Complete and unexpurgated.* 506 pages. *($5.00) Our Price:* **98c**

5. MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS. (The Twelve Books of Epigrams) Translated by J. A. Pott, M.A., and F. A. Wright, M.A. Unmatched for "stark realism, for caustic humor and for cleverness." *($5.00) Our Price:* **$1.89**

6. THE MODERN TENDENCY IN AMERICAN PAINTING. By C. Beach Ely. *Profusely illustrated.* An opportunity to pick up a limited edition never before offered at less than the regular price of *$8.75. Our Price:* **$1.98**

7. A HISTORY OF CHINESE ART. From ancient times to the present day. *80 full-page plates in collotype,* and many line drawings. Chinese graphic and plastic arts through all the ages. *($10.00) Our Price:* **$3.98**

8. SEVEN GOTHIC TALES. By Isak Dinesen. Edition limited to 999 numbered copies. *Illustrated in full color BY MAJESKA.* Printed on all rag Worthy Signature paper. "A literary phenomenon."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune. Special at Only* **$2.98**

9. FICTION WRITERS ON FICTION. Advice, Opinions and descriptions of their own working methods by more than 100 authors. 429 pages. *($2.50) Our Price:* **69c**

10. The Complete Writings of BRANN, THE ICONOCLAST His entire works, formerly in 12 volumes, now complete in two. Formerly available only at *$35. Our Price, the set only* **$2.98**

11. The Work Which Won The Pulitzer Prize: MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR. By John J. Pershing. First Edition. 69 reproductions from photographs and numerous maps. 2 large vols. Boxed. ". . . The most authoritative, the most penetrating and the most decisive account of our part in the war." *($10.00) Our Price, the 2 vol. set,* **$2.98**

12. RAPHAEL'S, GIOTTO'S, HOLBEIN'S PAINTINGS. HOLBEIN'S DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS OF TURNER, DONATELLO, JAN STEEN, REYNOLDS, WATTEAU, INGRES. Ten long-out-of-print paper-covered books, 7¼"x10". With 100 beautiful full-page plates. *The 10 books,* **$1.69**

13. GOYA, HUNT, LEIGHTON, ROSSETTI, RAEBURN, CONSTABLE, LORRAIN, INNESS, STEVENS, LE BRUN. Ten long-out-of-print paper-covered books, 7¼"x10". With 100 beautiful full-page plates. *The 10 books,* **$1.59**

14. Lord Byron's DON JUAN. *With 93 John Austin illustrations.* The world's great epic of a young man of many loves, by the poet "who knew the world . . . as few men have." DeLuxe edition. *Our Price:* **$1.19**

15. STRANGE LUST. The Psychology of Homosexuality. By Dr. A. Hesnard. Translated into English by John Caxton Summers. *Special Price:* **$2.98**

16. Gertrude Stein's Greatest Book: THE MAKING OF AMERICANS. "The story of all the kinds of people in the world." "Grasps at intangibles through a startling but perfectly intelligible use of words." *($3.00) Our Price:* **89c**

17. TWELVE-INCH MAJESTIC GLOBE. Brand new 1936 edition. Printed in *10 beautiful colors* and up-to-the-minute in every detail. Unusual cash purchase enables us to offer this $13.50 masterpiece of craftsmanship at *Our Special Price:* **$3.98**

18. PERIOD AND MODERN FURNITURE. With over *200 interesting illustrations.* Constructive and helpful. Details of furniture design from earliest times to the present. *Special Price:* **$2.69**

THE UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION N-12

Established 1884

367-373 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose $..... for which please send me the books I have circled below; delivery charges prepaid.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

(Mark circle around books desired)

☐ **Please send me FREE Catalog No. 276-N, Just off press!**

Name.....

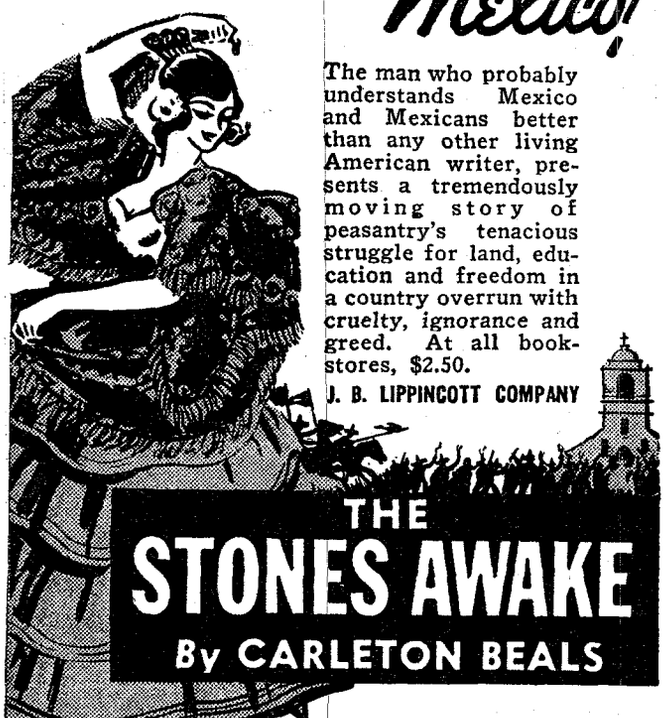
Address.....

City.....*State*.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Romance AND *Revolution*

IN AN EPIC NOVEL OF MODERN *Mexico!*



The man who probably understands Mexico and Mexicans better than any other living American writer, presents a tremendously moving story of peasantry's tenacious struggle for land, education and freedom in a country overrun with cruelty, ignorance and greed. At all bookstores, $2.50.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

THE STONES AWAKE

By CARLETON BEALS

Is there really a place for—

INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS

By Max Ascoli

Professor of Political Philosophy, Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research

HERE is the concrete working of democracy in the United States described with pitiless realism. The author's problem has been to discover to what extent democracy may be compatible with intellectual activities; whether the development of modern politics has not got entirely out of intelligent control or whether an adjustment is still possible between intelligence, conscious of social responsibility, and political reality.

This book is of particular interest at a time when there is much discussion of the role that intellectuals, experts or brain-trusters may play in checking the chaos of modern political societies, and because of its basic analysis of the place of intelligence in modern politics. $2.50

W. W. NORTON & CO., 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

traditional notions which he has not sought technically to validate and which do not square with the facts of experience as discovered by the modern mind. He says in a most eloquent passage that he has put his hand into the hand of Mother Nature and asked her to tell him a story. Either Mother Nature spared his feelings or he fell asleep before the story was half told. For how else can we account for that missionary zeal which characterized the first half of his life in favor of "happiness" and of an "ultimate good"? And what, in the bosom of Mother Nature, is that ideal "harmony," envisaged for all his protestations to the contrary as static, of which he speaks so mellifluously? And who were those Greeks from whom he says he learned these notions?

Nor is the latter phase of his work better grounded. He has claimed that the "Realms of Being" have been reared upon discoveries arrived at only after criticism was allowed to do its worst and the mind was cleansed of all pretended knowledge. But of course it is not difficult to show that the criticism to which he submitted all his beliefs was not radical enough, because it never led him to challenge the categories with which the inquiry was conducted. For are not the "Realms of Being" at which he arrives and the essences on which his pure spirituality loves to dwell possible only to a half-hearted naturalist who never successfully rid himself of the "malicious psychology" he was taught during his undergraduate years?

But if this is true, how can we account for the reputation he enjoys? Let us first remember that his appeal has chiefly been, as he himself is not unwilling to concede ("Soliloquies," pages 255 and 257), to ladies and to idealistic youngsters of the well-to-do who are seduced by his dream of the Life of Reason because they know so little of life itself. And secondly let us not attribute his reputation to the wrong causes. He has written on religion and on art with unusual sanity—but in religion that sanity was made possible by his failure to grasp the full implications of Spinoza's distinction between the divine and the ceremonial laws. He has written superb prose and some excellent sonnets; he has also written keen criticism with the suavest malice and the most abrasive irony; and he has coined aphorisms which have already become part of our common literary heritage. Last year he published a novel the unvarnished cynicism of which does not seem to have disturbed its hundred thousand readers. In "Skepticism and Animal Faith" he has shown what absurd conclusions one can rigidly draw from bad assumptions. And lastly, in "The Life of Reason," though of course not meaning to, he has shown how intolerable life would be if its values did not spring from the irrational womb of nature but were generated in the sterilized mind of a hedonistic philosopher who, finding Heraclitus and Nietzsche unintelligible, dreams under the shadow of a romantic ikon of Plato of "happiness" and of an "ultimate good."

These are the contributions which have earned Santayana a reputation. Other gifts may give him a place in history. Before long the new fascist barbarians may have divided the West among themselves. And to the sensitive intellect who shall live in that future tragic twilight of a dying epoch Santayana may be the new Boethius, offering a lyrical Consolation of Philosophy in the English tongue.

Mr. Edman has succeeded in the introductory essay in giving a very complete if flattering exposition of Santayana's thought. With the selections the reviewer would not quarrel, though he would add one or two pieces, particularly the more mordant passages from "Egotism in German Philosophy" and the defense of himself in "Soliloquies" to which allusion was made above.

ELISEO VIVAS

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Idea of a University

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA. By Robert Hutchins. Yale University Press. $2.

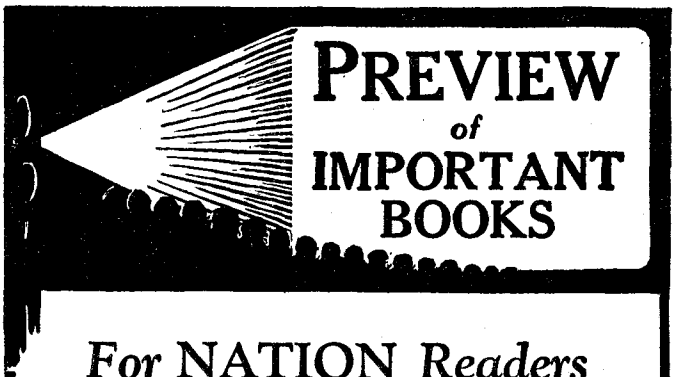
PRESIDENT HUTCHINS, who doesn't like confusion, finds higher learning in America confused. The love of money makes maîtres d'hôtel of professors; a misconception of democracy fills our universities with dolts and renders the curriculum responsive to public opinion; alumni bite the hand that nourished them intellectually; trustees and regents, exercising their legal rights, rule educationally as well as financially; and an erroneous notion of progress induces the belief that everything is getting better every day in every way. The result is gay campus life, good football, courses in radio broadcasting, students who are correct about their collars, red-baiting and complacency. In that chaos the aims of a unified university, the pursuit of significant truth for its own sake, the development of the intellectual virtues, and the preservation of a common stock of fundamental ideas are lost. A narrow vocationalism reduces the professions to trades; a narrow specialization produces isolation; a narrow empiricism results in an anti-intellectualism which negates the function of a university.

To end this confusion President Hutchins proposes a sound general education in a college which starts at the present junior year in high school and ends with the present sophomore year in college; and a university consisting of three faculties concerned with the fundamental problems of metaphysics, natural science, and social science. Clustered about his university would be research and technical institutes with staffs of their own, only those research and technical professors who are also studying the fundamental problems of the three faculties holding university appointments. Techniques and professions lacking either unity or intellectual content would be excluded from the institutes. In such an institution all students would acquire a unified education, and professors and students, working together disinterestedly, would "know what truths to pursue and why."

Mr. Hutchins's dilemma comes when he attempts to give values to the mathematical symbols of his formula. Method is put to one side in the secure faith that, given the perfect content, educational technique can be trusted to devise means of introducing it to the mind of man. Time, however, cannot be disregarded, and its limitation forces a rigorous selection of material. Quite appropriately Mr. Hutchins declares that the student is incapable of making his own selection; quite inappropriately he assumes that professors who disagree radically are equally incapable. Their disagreement may render impossible the building of a common stock of ideas, but it is basic to genuine intellectual progress.

The dilemma is resolved by a fundamentally unsound oversimplication of our intellectual heritage and the mind of man. That the former is confined to what was created out of the rib of Aristotle is irrelevant. The point is that it is confined, and a small segment of world culture is naively called a unified whole. The mind is assumed to be a *tabula rasa* on which can be written not only ideas but intellectual habits which will guide all future thinking. The psychology on which that assumption is based has been disproved experimentally as well as by common experience. Each of us knows at least one brilliant mathematician or logician who is a babe in arms when he applies his trained intellect to concrete subject matter. Logic may be essential to science but logicians are not.

It is Mr. Hutchins's faith in university education that leads him into error. It makes him believe that the decline of the present-day church is caused by the decline of theological



For NATION Readers

". . . that's where my money goes!"

PICKING AMERICA'S POCKETS

By David L. Cohn

This readable and exciting book explains the most talked-about and least understood subject in America —the tariff and tariff making—to the average man who pays the bills. Do you want more employment, more exports, lower living costs, more peaceful relations abroad? Then read this sensible, often witty, proposal for a *new policy* on foreign trade. $2.75

". . . what about the yardstick?"

ELECTRICITY: FOR USE OR FOR PROFIT?

By Bernhard Ostrolenk

In simple, comprehensible terms an economist of standing brings home to the layman the full social and economic significance of the private utilities rate policies. Every one concerned with raising the standards and lowering the costs of living will find in this book powerful arguments and sound ideas for a new national policy in regard to utility regulation. $2.00

Facing the FACTS about JOBS

PROSPERITY THROUGH EMPLOYMENT

By Kent Ellsworth Keller

Representative, 25th Congressional Dist., Ill.

Our democracy can and *must* accept the responsibility of providing a job for every man and woman who wants to work! That is the challenging theme of Representative Keller's important book in which he sets forth a program of reorganization in which the assurance of employment plays a key part. $2.50

"Excellent primer of economic sanity"
—HAROLD LOEB

THIS WAY OUT

By Henry Pratt Fairchild

Pres., People's League for Economic Security

Find here, frankly faced, the REAL issues behind the present campaign. See why and how an AMERICAN economy can and must become a truly collective economy. Here, clearly stated, are the ideas about genuine economic reform which you have sought but never phrased. "Admirably adapted for adult education groups."—*Saturday Review.* Illustrated. $1.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX LERNER in N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE, says:

"A brilliant essay in the history of ideas"

FROM HEGEL TO MARX

Studies in the Intellectual History of Karl Marx

By Sidney Hook

"Interesting and impressive . . . far and away the best account of an obscure and important subject at present available in English."
—*Economist*

"Most comprehensive study of the intellectual environment of the young Marx . . . often illuminating, always stimulating."
—*London Daily Worker*

"Prof. Hook has already won for himself a notable place as one of the three or four outstanding Marxist authorities of the time. This volume will add much to an already distinguished reputation."
—H. J. Laski, *The Nation*

". . . an arid, dreary waste, scholastic pedantry."
—H. Simpson, *The New Republic*

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK - $4.

A JOHN DAY BOOK

Cooper Union

Department of Social Philosophy

(FORMERLY THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE)

IN THE GREAT HALL
8th STREET & ASTOR PLACE

Sunday Evenings:
Course on
PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL BEHAVIOR
A Symposium in Social Ethics
First Lecture November 8th:
WHAT CONFIDENCE WOULD WE RESTORE?
By John Erskine

Tuesday Evenings:
Course on SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF 1936-1937
A Survey of the Course of Events
First Lecture November 10th:
CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL
By Commissioner A. H. MacCormick

Friday Evenings:
Course on
THE PRINCIPLES OF FREE GOVERNMENT
First Lecture November 13th:
THE PARADOX OF LIBERTY AND UNION: THE CLASSICAL SOLUTION
By Professor William A. Orton

Lectures at 8 o'clock ***Admission Free***

schools and that a sound general education may change the character of our civilization. And it makes him forget that four or even six years on a university campus are introductory, not terminal in learning. All that an educator should hope to accomplish in the college and university years is to make his students conscious of their ignorance and still profoundly and irreverently curious. And that cannot be done by a worship of history, no matter how great that history may be. The past has relatively little to teach the present. Rather it is through the present that we learn of the past. DONALD SLESINGER

Shorter Notices

CALLING WESTERN UNION. By Genevieve Taggard. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Consistently pure poets are the products of careful censorship. This is not a book of pure poems but the unexpurgated utterances of a prophetic poet. Here, for example, are: a confused cry of disgust (Night Letter to Walt Whitman), a flower-disdaining sneer (Not for Philosophy), a wishful vision (At Last the Women Are Moving), a celebration of poetic power (Definition of Song), slack, rambling prophecy (On Planting a Small Lilac), irony and pity in grand poetry (Try Tropic), a good cry (A Middle-aged, Middle-class Woman), an incoherent cry (Adding Up America), some philosophy (Eye of the Beholder), sharp and kindly wit (Community), and a mellow song rung out on one of the oldest bells of poetry (Everyday Alchemy). It is the bit of prose in the Note to Book III, however, which is to my mind perhaps the best poem and the best prophecy in the volume, for it suggests that Marx, who was certainly a prophet, was no poet, because if he were he would have said his say as simply as this. IRVING FINEMAN

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Volume XI and XVII. Columbia University Press. Eighteen Volumes. $105.

In sight of harbor, the Columbia Milton has struck a rock. Nothing hinted trouble and Peter Ramus himself is not uninteresting. He had been dead exactly a hundred years when Milton printed the epitome of his system now Englished in Volume XI of the Columbia Milton. The book, its editor observes, "has never before been translated," but it is a long time since I have seen a translation of a Latin book so ill made. The translator had undoubtedly a hard task. "The words of Milton," he says, "cannot always easily be rendered into the English of the present." For parts of his vocabulary, accordingly, he has resorted to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; fishing out such pearls of diction as "consentany," "dissentany," "consectary," "proegumenic." All this I could have tolerated, though hardly, if his translation had been even moderately accurate. But it is not. The following, from the Preface, must suffice as a specimen: "Hence Pole comments correctly on Plato's 'Gorgias'" (pages 13, 2). Who, I asked myself, is Pole? Can he be the great cardinal? But what Milton's Latin has is: "Plato's Polus rightly remarks, in the 'Gorgias'." I did not know who Pole was. Mr. Gilbert does not know who Polus is; and he does not know, either in this sentence or at pages 49, 6, the meaning of the Latin word *apud*. The number of very common Latin words of which he does not know the meaning is, I may notice in passing, surprising: For example, he renders both *quamquam* and *quamvis* by "since" (pages 29, 25; p. 51, 19); *quoniam* by "although" (pages 71, 4), *tantummodo* by "commonly" (pages 33, 18), *quid quod* by "because" (pages 57,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

15), *voluntas* by "pleasure" (pages 147, 25). By the text of Milton's Latin which he offers, Mr. Gilbert must be accounted no better as an editor than as a translator. On page 4 *per pendenda* appears, absurdly, for *perpendenda* (and Mr. Gilbert's translation suggests that he sees nothing the matter with *per pendenda*). Ramus was accused on one occasion of inviting his pupils to discuss passages of St. Augustine which were "dangerous" (*lubricos locos*). They were dangerous to faith. But Mr. Gilbert, misunderstanding the word *lubricos,* speaks of Ramus as "setting forth to his hearers *obscene* passages of St. Augustine" (page 505). What between not stopping to think and thinking too curiously, Mr. Gilbert is almost absurdly unlucky. This is indeed an unlucky volume, quite unworthy, I feel, of its noble companions.

H. W. GARROD

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. Liveright Publishing Corporation. $2.50.

"My book sometimes appears confused and loosely wrought," admits Sender in his preface; but "if the reader is of those who can see and grasp he will admit that my method is logical, because chaos has its own logic." Perhaps. But aesthetically as well as logically it would seem that social chaos should be simulated rather than reproduced. Sender, however, chooses to tell his story of a general strike in Madrid in the person of five protagonists, first one and then another, alternately, with no transition, no explanation of who is writing what, or when, or why. He also includes a chapter written by the moon—the *bourgeoise* Lady Moon, no less—who acts as a sort of floodlight for the police who fight the strike by night. As a result he so muddies the realities of anarcho-syndicalism that even after 439 pages one is still without a decent understanding of the issues here in question. Nevertheless, in the weirdly emotional, intuitive story of the journalist Samar and of Amparo, the daughter of the colonel opposing the strikers, he so clarifies the character of the Spanish revolutionary that he compensates, in part, for his book's confusions, and achieves a degree of that "human truth of the most generous kind" at which he avowedly aims.

LEIGH WHITE

DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY: MASARYK OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. By Emil Ludwig. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

There can be no doubt: this is not Emil Ludwig's *magnum opus.* All his biographical works from Goethe and Napoleon to Schliemann and Hindenburg were more impressive, and even his conversations with Mussolini gave perhaps more food for thought. Why are we now somewhat disappointed? The reason may be found in the fact that Masaryk himself is an admirable writer whose memoirs belong to the outstanding books on contemporary history; and, moreover, Karel Capek told the story of the former President's life only a year ago. Nevertheless, Ludwig's work is worth reading. Not only will students of foreign affairs appreciate the lucidity and keenness of Masaryk's remarks in these discussions with one of the world's foremost journalists, but also young people should enjoy the book as an easy introduction to the life of a remarkable man. This is really excellent reading for undergraduates (but not merely for them!) who want to know something about the one great representative of the democratic ideal on the European continent. With the exception of the first chapter, the whole book is based on conversations held at the castle of Lany. Masaryk himself revised—and expanded—the text.

FELIX HIRSCH

★ *Our best reviewed book in over 80 years of publishing . . .*

The FLOWERING of NEW ENGLAND

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

"Not only the best history of American literature but one of the best literary histories in any language."—*Carl Van Doren, N. Y. Tribune.*

"Not only the most important book this eminent man has ever produced, but the most absorbing volume in this field I have ever read."—*Herschel Brickell.*

"A work of art. Its foundations are fact; but its structure is imaginative and its design the design of a historical novel rather than a chronicle or an analysis. This is not only a legitimate way of writing history, it is probably the best way in which this history of a culture could have been written. This is a book for a wide audience; an excellent example of what, well done, is the best of reading, and what has been too lacking in our literature."—*Henry Seidel Canby, Sat. Review of Literature.*

★ A National Best Seller—but far more than that—one of the great books of our generation; a book no intelligent reader will want to miss! $4.00

SOUTHERN GATES of ARABIA

by FREYA STARK

Author of "Valleys of the Assassins," etc.

"Absorbing—challenges comparison with the best classics."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Illustrated with 120 photographs, $3.75

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Author of "Death and General Putnam," etc.

Mr. Guiterman at his best—"One of those rare poets who have always been popular. He loves the things we love, the hills and forests, animals, children, people of many sorts, this country and its heritage and divinity wherever he finds it."—*The Philadelphia Inquirer.* $2.00

THE FLIGHT of BIG HORSE
by Sven Hedin (Illustrated, $3.75)

THE QUIET LODGER of IRVING PLACE
(Portrait of O. Henry)
by William Wash Williams ($2.50)

THE STORY of SAN MICHELE
(New Illustrated Edition)
by Axel Munthe ($5)

WITHOUT PREJUDICE
by Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt (Illustrated, $3)

FAREWELL ROMANCE
by Gilbert Frankau ($2.75)

DUTTON

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPAIN SPEAKS!

MASS MEETING

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Eighth Avenue and 49th-50th Streets

MONDAY EVENING

OCTOBER 26, 1936

8 P.M.

Box Seats and Orchestra, $1

Reserved Sections, 40c

General Admission, 25c

to hear

Three Representatives of Spanish Democracy Direct from Spain

HON. MARCELINO DOMINGO

Former Minister of Education and President, Left Republican Party

ISABELLA DE PALENCIA

Writer and former Spanish Delegate to the League of Nations

THE REV. FATHER LUIS SARASOLA

Catholic Priest and Scholar

Co-Chairmen:

Bishop Robert L. Paddock

Dr. Harry F. Ward

Sponsored by
Joint North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy

Tickets obtainable at: Gray's Theatre Ticket Agency, 1482 Broadway; Columbia Book Store, 2960 Broadway; Putnam Book Store, Inc., 2 W. 44th St.; Workers' Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St.; Rand School, 7 E. 15th St.

No censors have distorted the facts in this outspoken book

Spain In Revolt

by Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard

"Bound to result in a better understanding of the issues at stake, and to clear up some, at least, of the misapprehensions resulting from the exceedingly untrustworthy and misleading news dispatches published in both English and American newspapers."—*Herschel Brickell, N.Y. Post.* $2.00

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

A Book You Should Read

The GLANDS OF LIFE

By HERMAN H. RUBIN, M.D.

How the Ductless Glands regulate our Mental, Physical and Sexual Health, Personality and Behavior. The vital role they play in our daily life and their contribution to successful living.

Vitality, Sexual Virility, Senility, Rejuvenation and many other important subjects are presented in clear, direct, non-technical language.

Packed with authoritative information, yet as readable as a novel.

Price $1.50 Postage 15c extra

B. B. BELLAIRE, PUBLISHER
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Department N

DRAMA

With Hamlet Left Out?

FOR some reason or other Guthrie McClintic's production of "Hamlet" (Empire Theater) is set in the middle of the seventeenth century. Unimportant as the fact may at first sight seem, it is a symbol of all that is unsatisfactory and bitterly disappointing in the long-awaited interpretation of John Gielgud. "Hamlet" is a Gothic play, not a courtly one. Remove from its atmosphere all sense of the importance of the unseen world, of things "undreamed of in your philosophy," and you reduce it to the level of sentimental melodrama. Yet the manners and the costumes of the period here chosen are the very essence of complacent worldliness, and every effort seems to have been made to fit "Hamlet" to them. Not only Mr. Gielgud's performance but every detail of the production is calculated to minimize the atmosphere of wonder which must surround the play if it is to mean anything at all. Perhaps the intention was to produce a "Hamlet" which suggests no mystery and arouses no awe, but it is difficult to understand why anyone who saw no more in the play than Mr. McClintic seems to have seen should want to produce it at all.

Unfortunately, Mr. Gielgud, who comes to us with the applause of all England ringing in his ears, appears to have no conception of his part subtler than the director's conception of the play as a whole. He has a mellifluous voice and a graceful, almost femininely graceful, manner; but he will be chiefly remembered, I think, as the only actor who ever undertook to play Hamlet "like Niobe all tears," as not so much the "melancholy Dane" as the "weepy" one. He is harassed, all but hysterical, and, I suppose I may grant, "appealing." But that is not all or even the most important part of Hamlet, not the part which has enabled him to capture the imagination as no other character of fiction ever has. Hamlet is, above all else, a thinker and an ironist. He never ceases to consider things curiously, and he dominates every scene by the force of his personality. That is, perhaps, one of the sources of his weakness, one of the reasons why he can never quite escape the tendency to play when he has resolved to act. But it is also his strength, the reason why he is succeeding at one thing while he is failing at another, the reason why he is perhaps the first, as he is certainly the greatest, representative in all literature of the man whom we respect and admire and love not for what he does but for what he is. Yet of all this Mr. Gielgud seems not to have conceived the slightest suspicion. Hamlet's intellect and Hamlet's irony are hardly suggested. He has not even the antic disposition, for he is merely a dejected young man who finally works himself up to a hysterical blood-letting.

All this would not be quite so distressing as it is if Shakespeare's play did not so implacably refuse to submit to any such cavalier treatment. The situations and the speeches out of which neither Mr. Gielgud nor Mr. McClintic make sense do, nevertheless, continually obstruct the play they are trying to produce, and since they have not even had the courage to throw away what they cannot use, long passages of superb poetry remain to get in their way. The famous soliloquy has so little relation to the character Mr. Gielgud is portraying that he can only treat it as a set piece which tradition unfortunately compels him to interrupt his part to speak, and certain other of the characters are even more visibly embarrassed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by passages which appear as tiresome excrescences upon meaningless parts. Certainly Arthur Byron is, or is made to be, the worst Polonius ever seen on any stage because, though the lines finally compel him to recognize that he is playing a comic part, the play is half over before an uninstructed spectator would suppose that Polonius had any character at all. He speaks his first speech, supposed to give the key to his character, as though he were ashamed to be compelled to get off such a rigmarole; he mutters under his breath one of the funniest harangues in literature—"Brevity is the soul of wit," and so on; and unfortunately all this is typical of the way in which nearly every member of the cast is led to treat some of the best lines ever given a player as though they were an imposition upon an actor's patience. Honorable exceptions are Barry Kelley, an excellent first grave-digger, and Judith Anderson, a superbly sultry queen, but neither can, unfortunately, materially alter the unfortunate effect of the whole.

Perhaps the production is, in the most superficial sense of the term, "theatrically effective." It does, that is to say, move briskly except when some great or subtle passage gets in the way of briskness, but anyone who knew the play only from this performance might well wonder why it had fascinated men's minds for three hundred years. Doubtless the mystery, or rather the complexity, of both the play and the central character can be interpreted in various ways, but neither can be treated as though there were no mystery or no complexity there. If what we have is not "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, it is at least "Hamlet" with three-fourths of him missing. In my time I have seen various mediocre productions of the drama; I have never before seen one which so nearly succeeded in making it seem a shallow play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRES

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

a new play by Robert E. Sherwood *with*

ALFRED LUNT
LYNN FONTANNE

SHUBERT THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way. 300 seats $1
Mats.: Thurs. & Sat. 2:45. Eves. 8:45

AND STARS REMAIN

A comedy by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein

"★★★ The Guild starts its year with a forward thrust of its very best foot."
—*Burns Mantle News*

with CLIFTON WEBB
and HELEN GAHAGAN

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8.40
Matinees THURSDAY and SAT., 2.40

DELOS CHAPPELL *presents*

DAUGHTERS of ATREUS

by ROBERT TURNEY

with ELEONORA MENDELSSOHN
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • JOANNA ROOS

THE 44th STREET THEATRE Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LECTURE

√ FIRST N.Y. APPEARANCE
of the Famous German Playwright in Exile

ERNST TOLLER

SPEAKING ON

"HITLER—The Promise and the Reality"

FRIDAY EVE., OCT. 30—MECCA TEMPLE, 55th ST. (Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.)

WALDO FRANK, Chairman

Tickets: $2.20, $1.65, $1.10, 83c., 55c. and 35c. on sale at Box Office—American League Against War and Fascism, 268—4th Ave. and 45 E. 17th St., N.Y.U. and Col. U. Bookshops.

Auspices: Henri Barbusse Memorial Committee

The THEATRE UNION Needs Your Support

- IT HAS MOVED TO TIMES SQUARE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
- IT PRODUCES PLAYS YOU WANT TO SEE
- IT HAS NO ANGELS—NO LARGE SUBSIDIES
- IT NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT TO PRODUCE THESE PLAYS FOR YOU

The Theatre Union Offers to Subscribers a Seat Reduction Unparalleled on B'way

One choice Orchestra seat for JOHN HOWARD LAWSON'S "MARCHING SONG" $1.50
One Choice Orchestra seat for 2nd production $1.50
Box Office Value $3.00

BOTH SEATS FOR $2.00

plus small subscription service charge to cover mailing ..... .15

Total Cost of Subscription $2.15

Subscribers are notified three weeks in advance of opening to insure them choice of date and location in the first 4 weeks of the run of each play.

Subscribe NOW!!

Each subscription reserves one $1.50 orchestra seat for each of 2 productions. Box office value $3. Subscription price $2.15.

THEATRE UNION, INC.
125 West 45th St., New York City

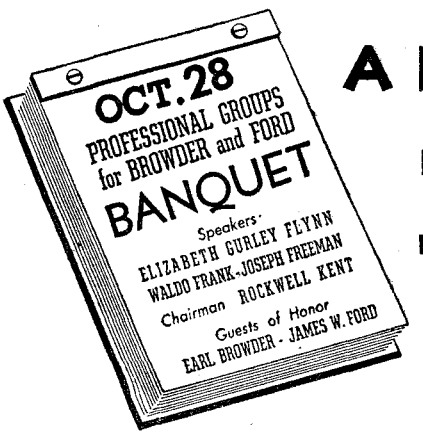
I enclose $.....for.....subscription(s) in the Theatre Union, Season 1936-7.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

BANQUET



A DATE of Historic Importance to professional people!

HOTEL EDISON

Reservations ($2 per person) must be made in advance at Room 438, 80 East 11th St. Tel. GRamercy 5-4517.

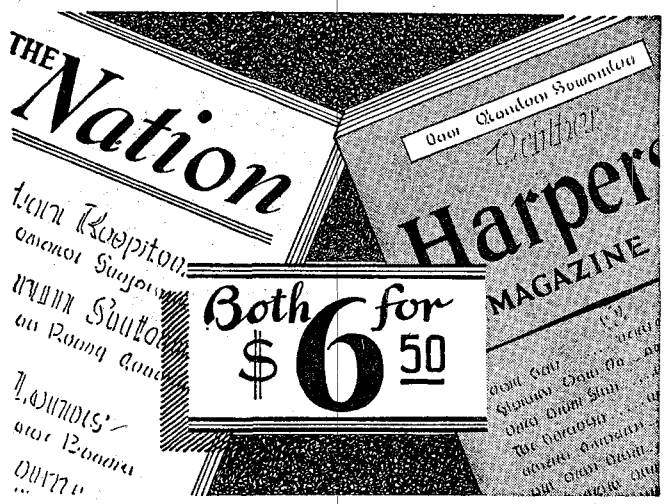
MUSIC

MUSIC LOVERS

Sale! . . . the world's finest recorded music. 50c. and 75c. per record. Regular price $1.50 and $2.00. The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, of BACH, WAGNER, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, BRAHMS, etc. Mail Orders sent anywhere. Complete Catalog "N" on request. Also Victor and Columbia Records.

MUSIC SERVICE, 111 E. 14th, N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



No wonder that year after year this combination outsells nearly all others! Aside from the obvious saving of 27%, consider the reputation of both magazines: America's most popular progressive weekly and its most distinguished monthly.

As a reader of *The Nation* you know you would not suffer the inconvenience of being without it. *The Nation* discloses the facts behind the news and interprets them from the progressive point of view. It scrutinizes every public development to show you why it is a stride forward or a step backward. It helps you understand thoroughly the headlines of today and prepares you for those of tomorrow.

Scheduled for winter publication is a series of the utmost importance on the leading personalities who shape American opinion through the new forms of mass persuasion . . . the radio commentators, the daily columnists, the Washington correspondents, newspaper publishers and others. A group of highly informative articles on the Soviet Union by Sidney Webb, Henry Shapiro, and Louis Fischer will appear soon, also.

Harper's Magazine, the perfect monthly complement to *The Nation*, not only offers its readers factual information and critical interpretation of our headlong modern times, it also frequently predicts events before they happen. Nine times this year, in as many months, Harpers actually predicted important happenings which were later front page news stories!

An absorbing article by Aldous Huxley on "Propaganda" heads an exciting list of features scheduled for early publication in Harpers which includes "Money and Banking in Russia" by Richard Hellman, "Why Things Grow Old" by Roy Helton, "Machines and Individuals" by Peter Van Dresser, and "The Nature of Telepathy" by Ernest Hunter Wright.

OTHER LOW-PRICED COMBINATIONS

The Nation *with*

Atlantic Monthly	$7.50
Common Sense	7.25
Current History	6.50
Manchester Guardian (English Weekly)	7.75
New Republic	8.75
Readers Digest	6.00
Scribners	6.00

Subscriptions to this popular combination, as well as those combinations listed in the box, may be new or renewal and may be mailed to different addresses. Payment may be postponed thirty days. But to make certain you do not overlook these bargains, *order at once* on the form below!

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Send me one year of the magazines listed below. ☐ I inclose my check for $ OR ☐ I will pay in 30 days. 10-24-36

MAGAZINES	*SEND TO*

FILMS

The Broken Bowl

THOSE who saw "Craig's Wife" as a play are certain to remember the exciting moment when Craig asserted his independence of the terrible woman who presided over his house by dashing a china something-or-other to the floor and shattering it into as many pieces as the gesture did his marriage. Now the play has become a film (Columbia), and the difference between the two can best be measured by a description of what happened at the Music Hall the other night when John Boles dropped the ornament. Six thousand people laughed. I do not remember any laughter at the play, and in fact I am sure that that audience held its breath; for everything so far had tended to produce in the spectator a conviction that Mrs. Craig was genuinely terrible, and one literally could not tell what might follow the iconoclasm. The trouble is perhaps John Boles, who is too much the handsome dummy for us to care whether he asserts himself or not. But more likely it is Rosalind Russell, who as Craig's wife does a very attractive piece of acting in the wrong key. She permits us almost to love and pity her; nice emotions, but destructive of the main point, which should be that she deserves everything she gets.

Ruth Chatterton meets a similar challenge with greater wisdom in "Dodsworth" (United Artists), where to be sure she is excellently supported by Walter Huston in the title role and where the demand is not so clear for a woman with whom we shall be unable to sympathize. Mrs. Dodsworth does, however, grow less and less lovely as the film unwinds; and her willingness in the last scene to look wholly shifty and defeated has much to do with the fact that "Dodsworth" is in general a success. Both films are worth seeing if only as evidences that plays can after all be translated to the screen—provided the translators remember that a great deal of care needs to be exercised lest the momentum of the original leak out through the immense spaces between the stars.

"Nine Days a Queen" (Gaumont-British) has for its subject matter the six years of English history between the death of Henry VIII and the accession of Mary, and has for its heroine Lady Jane Grey, who for nine days was queen after the death of her cousin, Edward VI. The story then is of how two children, Edward and Jane, are played with against their innocent wills by the wolves at court—Warwick, Seymour, and Somerset—and of how the pale face of Mary looks in at last and puts an end to all this. If the accuracy of the film is not a fault—lending perhaps a little coldness to what in more reckless hands could easily have grown overheated—then it has no fault. It is serious and convincing, and intelligently respectful of its material; one of the best historical films, indeed, among the many now to be seen; and without question superior to "Mary of Scotland."

"Millions of Us," the American labor film which started at the Filmarte, has moved to the Cameo and seems there to be entirely at home judging by the applause which greets it nightly. The Filmarte should have hung on to it in spite of the hisses, for it is not only good as a labor document, it is good as a film, and points the way to still better ones of its kind.

"The Human Adventure" (Plaza Theater) takes a flying trip over the chief excavations of the Oriental Institute between Egypt and Persia, and can be heartily recommended.

MARK VAN DOREN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

Dorothy Thompson and Taxes

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the September 12 *Nation* was altogether too generous to Dorothy Thompson. Her whole exposition was based on ignorance of the provisions of the Revenue Act imposing the undistributed-profits tax.

Her problem is this: a corporation has made $500,000 profit. Out of this it has to pay $10,000 state tax—obviously no concern of the federal government—and the federal income tax of $73,000. The latter is, of course, the old federal corporation-income tax, which has been in force for many years and is not the one which Mr. Landon considered "cockeyed." The amount of the profits remaining is therefore $416,500. Out of this the corporation desires to repay $135,000 to a bank and to set up $175,000 as working capital. Now Miss Thompson claims that if the corporation were to repay the $135,000 and retain the $175,000 as working capital it would subject itself to an undistributed-profits tax in the sum of $94,500. Apparently you concede that claim. As a matter of fact, however, and under the official Treasury regulations, nothing of the kind will take place. The corporation may make the indicated disposition of its profits and may retain $106,500 as additional reserves, without resorting to trickery or going contrary to the letter or the spirit of the law.

All the corporation has to do is to declare the entire $416,500 as a dividend, payable, however, not in cash but in the corporation's stock. The only restriction is that the stockholders must receive a stock dividend in a class of stock different from that which they hold. In other words, preferred stockholders must get a common-stock dividend and common stockholders a preferred-stock dividend. The corporation therefore issues new stock in the amount of $416,500, retains the $416,500 in cash, pays the bank, increases its working capital, and increases its reserve. No undivided-profits tax becomes due. None is paid.

Sometimes, however, such an increase of the outstanding capital stock by the payment of a stock dividend is undesirable. In such a case the corporation may pay the $416,500 in the form of a bond dividend. It issues debenture bonds at whatever rate of interest it may deem fit, with interest and principal repayable exclusively out of future profits, and not repayable if no future profits are earned. As these bonds are not a burden on any of the assets of the corporation, they do not interfere with its credit standing. If one wants to be particularly careful, one may even expressly state in the bonds that the bond-holders, in their claims, shall come after all other creditors of the corporation.

Each of these two variants is extremely simple and, as I say, absolutely legal and proper.

ALBERT HIRST

New York, September 15

Dear Sirs: The Reply to Dorothy Thompson in your issue of September 12 has just been brought to my attention. Since my firm is the one to which she refers, I trust you will permit me to explain our situation further.

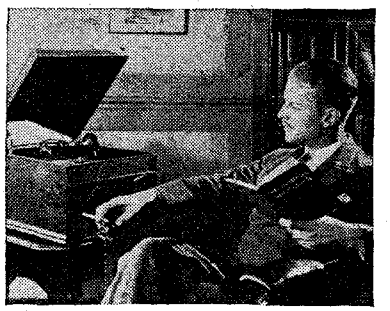
You are right in your correction of the tax. An error in transcription made a difference of about $7,000.

First as to the size of the business: Earnings of the size we are enjoying (?) this year come at the most in only two or three years out of ten. There are other years in which the losses are equally great, particularly if we try to keep our men employed. As a matter of record, we have not been able over the full period of the business cycle to distribute earnings of over 5 per cent on net worth, and this would not warrant a capitalization of one-fifth of that suggested.

The company chooses to pay its debts and to return to full employment. There seems to be some question in your mind as to whether we should make this choice. Such doubt can only be due to inexperience in business and a consequent lack of comprehension of the simple elements of the situation.

Debts must be paid this year and next when earnings are available. An industry of our type cannot budget on a yearly basis. For one period of the business cycle it receives more than it pays out. For another period—and it has been a long one—it must pay out more than it receives. It cannot exist unless it repays its borrowings and lays in a new reserve, nor is there any other time to do this than now.

It is only ignorance of business principles that suggests new capitalization for making good these recurring losses, whether the new capital is to come from



The Modern THINKER MUST speak another language

THE world is growing smaller! Scientific miracles of land and air bring the ends of the earth closer together every day.

THE world is your neighbor! The Spaniard is in your back yard. And Paris is just across the street. Can you speak to your neighbor?

THE modern man and woman *must* speak another language, in order to *feel* and understand the thrilling pageant which the twentieth century is unfolding.

BEGIN now! Learn to speak French, Russian, Spanish, German, Italian, or any one of 23 living languages, by the new LINGUAPHONE METHOD which brings the living voices of native masters into *your own home.* You will be amazed how quickly and easily you can learn another language by this unique, effortless method.

Send for FREE book

Get the complete story of this world-famous language method endorsed by 11,500 universities, colleges, seminaries, high schools and foremost educators.

Linguaphone Home Courses

FRENCH	RUSSIAN	JAPANESE
ITALIAN	GERMAN	FINNISH
SWEDISH	DUTCH	IRISH
POLISH	ENGLISH	ESPERANTO
LATIN	HEBREW	PERSIAN
CHINESE	SPANISH	BENGALI

Call for Free Demonstration at Our New Audition Salon

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
81 Rockefeller Center
New York Tel.: CIrcle 7-0831

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
81 Rockefeller Center, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation please send me your Free Book SD and details of your Pay As You Learn Plan.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

I Wish to Speak.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present stockholders or from the security markets. Do you really suggest that we capitalize these recurring losses and attempt to pay dividends on the pyramided structure? Of course we might capitalize these losses—just this once—on the theory that "it ain't goin' to rain no more." Many august voices sang this song in 1929. We didn't believe them then, and our employees are glad we didn't.

Finally there is this question of "a new investment of $175,000," which is your term for describing our addition to working capital. This is by no means "new investment." It is repairing a depletion which must be repaired before we can return to full employment. When one goes from, say, 25 per cent capacity to 100 per cent capacity, it is a prerequisite to such expansion that we carry correspondingly more raw materials, more work-in-process—with its accumulated costs in labor, overhead, and material—more finished goods unshipped, and more goods shipped and in the customers' hands but unpaid for. These expenditures must be made months before the increased returns come in. To get thus up to full employment cost us $175,000. Do you really believe that stockholders should be penalized for providing this new employment?

ASTONISHED MANUFACTURER

Vermont, September 23

[Astonished Manufacturer dodges the issue of the desirability of collecting taxes on what is indubitably income for the stockholders. Is there any sound "business" reason, apart from the desirability of avoiding taxation, why the additional working capital should not come from additional capitalization, whether by a stock dividend or otherwise? Does the aggrieved manufacturer mean to suggest that he does not expect to get a return on the $175,000 of stockholders' money reinvested in the company?—EDITORS THE NATION.]

An Apology

[Under date of August 8 *The Nation* published a review of "Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis" by Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie. Thereafter Dr. Kubie addressed to us in connection with this review a letter which was not intended for publication but which, by an inadvertence, was published without permission and in deleted form in our issue of September 12. *The Nation* regrets this inadvertence. The incident was particularly regrettable, since it concerned a review which has been the subject of sharp criticism.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has been in Spain for six weeks. He will contribute other first-hand reports of the progress of the civil war.

CARL RANDAU is a reporter on the *World-Telegram* and president of the New York Newspaper Guild.

ROBERT H. JACKSON, now Assistant Attorney General, awoke to find himself famous when as chief counsel for the Department of Internal Revenue he conducted the government's investigation in the Andrew Mellon tax-evasion case.

JAMES T. FARRELL has just published a new novel, "A World I Never Made."

WALLACE STEVENS, winner of *The Nation's* poetry contest for 1936, is mentioned in an editorial paragraph on p. 463.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP has published two volumes of verse, "Now With His Love" and "Minute Particulars" and a novel, "Many Thousands Gone."

CARL VAN DOREN, one time literary editor of *The Nation* and author of many books of criticism and biography, has just published his autobiography, "Three Worlds," in part a survey of the literary lights of the twenties by one of them.

MARIANNE MOORE is a distinguished American poet whose "Collected Poems" were published last year with a preface by T. S. Eliot.

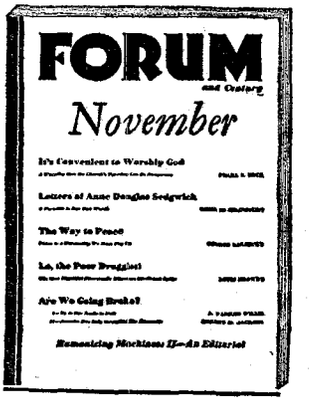
EDA LOU WALTON, assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is preparing a book on modern American poetry in its relation to social problems.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE is book editor of the new magazine *Midwest*. He is writing a book on Lawrence.

DONALD SLESINGER is peculiarly fitted to review Dr. Hutchins's book, having served at one time as assistant dean of the Social Science faculty at the University of Chicago.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Canadian: 50 cents a year additional. Foreign: $1 a year additional. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for subscriber's change of address.



"Communism can never flourish in America!" says Everett Dean Martin

"Communism is on its way!" says Earl Browder

IN the November issue of The FORUM an eminent sociologist argues with the head of the Communist Party of America in a lively debate on a question that is important to all of us—"Is America Destined for Communism?"

If you do not already know the most exciting periodical now published, you are invited to accept an introductory six months' subscription to The FORUM for only One Dollar. *(Exactly half price.)* Return the coupon at once to avoid missing:

Is America Destined for Communism?
Everett Dean Martin vs. Earl Browder

Ladies in Politics
by John Gordon Ross

The Jews or the Arabs
by William Schack

A Series on Contemporary Literature
by Mary M. Colum

When the Ultimate Consumer Dies Bury Yourself at Half Price
by Bertram Fowler

The Dymaxion—Your Future House
by Janet Mabie

We Got Our Money's Worth. A Young Couple Who Knew What They Wanted
by Helen Peavy Washburn

THE FORUM AND · CENTURY

6 Months for Only One Dollar

N 9

The FORUM,
570 Lexington Ave., New York City

I am enclosing one dollar. Send me The FORUM for six months as a trial subscription.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED